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THE REBEL STEAMER "NASHVILLE" RUNNING THE BLOCKADE AT BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

CAPTURE OF BEAUFORT AND THE ESCAPE OF THE REBEL STEAM-SHIP "NASHVILLE."

We devote the preceding page to an illustration of the escape of the rebel steamer *Nashville*, at Beaufort, North Carolina.

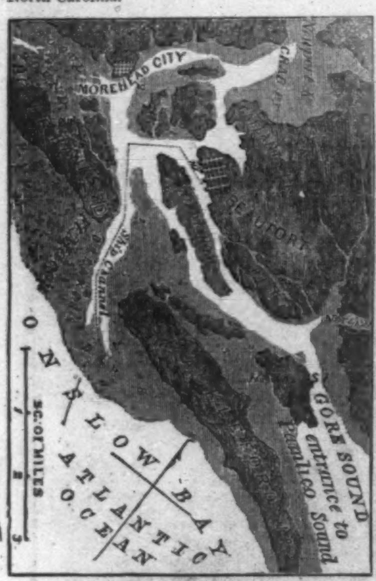
Immediately upon the capture of Newbern General Burnside started an expedition to Beaufort. The expedition left Newbern on Thursday, 20th, in steamers, and went partially down the river, and on landing struck the railroad, and took up the march for Beaufort, with hand-cars from Newbern loaded with ammunition and baggage. A few days before the gun-boat *Stars and Stripes* went outside and assisted the blockade, lest the *Nashville* might try to escape to sea when the troops come inland.

Upon the arrival of the expedition the first report stated that they found the city evacuated by the rebels, Fort Macon blown up by the retreating enemy, and the rebel steamer *Nashville* burning to prevent her falling into our hands. Later accounts, direct from the blockading squadron, however, say that the *Nashville* ran the blockade successfully.

General Burnside then sent a force with several gun-boats to Washington. No opposition was made to landing. Our troops occupied the town, and the Union flag is flying on the Court-house.

Our pickets extend about eight miles from Newbern toward Goldsborough. The inhabitants of Newbern are gradually returning to the town and taking the oath of allegiance.

We subjoin a Chart of the Harbor of Beaufort, North Carolina.



ADVERTISEMENT.

☞ The Publishers of *Harper's Weekly* congratulate their readers upon the appearance in Number 272 of the first part of a new serial tale entitled "No Name," by Wilkie Collins, Esq., author of "The Woman in White." Its opening gives promise of the same wonderful power and matchless dramatic skill which entranced the readers of "The Woman in White." It is seldom that a periodical is enabled to furnish its subscribers with such a series of attractive tales as have appeared consecutively for the past two years in *Harper's Weekly*, from the pens of Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Bulwer. The commencement of this Tale affords a good opportunity for parties residing in the country to form clubs, and obtain *Harper's Weekly* at the reduced price of subscription.

The circulation of *Harper's Weekly* being now over 120,000 copies each week, it is the best advertising medium in the country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 5, 1862.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT ON THE BLOCKADE.

The American public have read with lively satisfaction the candid and honest speeches of Earl Russell, Mr. W. E. Forster, and the Solicitor-General of England on the subject of the blockade of the Southern ports. The tone of the leading British presses has been so uniformly unjust to the United States, and so notoriously under the control of secessionist emissaries, that there were many here who feared that Great Britain would be as false to her traditions and her laws on the subject of blockades as her people had been on the subject of slavery. These apprehensions have not been fulfilled. Members of the British Government have declared in the most positive terms—what we all knew here long ago—that the blockade of the Southern ports is as perfect as any blockade ever was, and that no foreign power can disturb it without flying in the face of the fundamental principles of international law.

The pleasure with which we record these evidences of official candor in England would have been greater if they had not been followed, in almost every instance, by the expression of opinions unfavorable to the success of the North. It is natural that British statesmen should cling to their cherished hope of seeing this country divided and weakened. But is it wise, is it friendly, to proclaim the wish so constantly to the world? What would be said of a tradesman who was constantly predicting aloud the bankruptcy of his rival over the way? Would he not be set down as a dirty, mean fellow? Would it not have been better for Lord Russell to have left this sort of thing to Gregory and Ferguson, and other blacklegs and boobies?

WHAT TO DO WITH THE NEGROES.

Senator Doolittle made substantial progress in the slavery argument when he stated, the other day, that he would never vote for emancipation without colonization, though the Senate, by the casting vote of the Vice-President, has decided in the opposite sense. With the exception of the crazy people down South who are being whipped into reason by the armies of the Union, every body now agrees that, sooner or later, in one way or another, slavery ought to be abolished on American soil. The main question thus decided, it is high time that the people began to think of and discuss the questions yet undetermined of the how and the when.

We have two historical precedents—that of Great Britain and that of France. In the year 1833 the British Parliament passed an act emancipating the slaves in the British West India Islands, with compensation ($100,000,000) to the owners; the act was only to take effect in 1838. In 1848 the revolutionary Government of France with a stroke of the pen freed all the slaves in the French West Indies: no compensation was granted to the owners, and the act took effect immediately.

These two plans of emancipation were carried under the most diametrically opposite circumstances. Emancipation in the British colonies had been brought before Parliament every year for twenty years, and only succeeded at last through the support of London bankers, creditors of the slave-owners in Jamaica and Barbados, who saw in a parliamentary grant their only chance of collecting the debts due them. The measure was adopted after full deliberation, and five years were granted to the slaves and their owners to prepare for the change. In France emancipation was decreed from the impulse of the moment, without outside pressure from any quarter, and without preliminary notice of any kind to the parties immediately concerned.

So far as practical results show, the French scheme succeeded better than the English. The British colonies began to decay after emancipation, relapsed almost into a desert condition, and have only begun to recover very recently. The French colonies have undergone but little change.

It would, however, be rash hence to infer, that immediate and unconditional emancipation works better than the gradual and conditioned abolition of slavery. Emancipation worked badly in the British colonies mainly in consequence of the besotted and imbecile nature of the white slave-owners. With stolid pig-headedness, they refused to accommodate themselves to the new condition of things; haughtily declined to pay wages to the colored laborers who had once been slaves, and sank into ruin with their estates for want of common sense. Slavery had rotted their hearts and minds out, as it has done with the whites of several of our Southern States; and the failure of emancipation, for nearly a quarter of a century, was due to their stupidity. The slave-holders of the French islands, on the contrary, with their national versatility, adapted themselves at once to the new order of things, paid wages cheerfully to the emancipated slaves, and went on growing tropical products as before.

In neither case was it proposed to expatriate the slaves after emancipation, and both British and French colonies, since the abolition of slavery, so far from seeking to get rid of the negroes, have complained loudly of the want of labor. The Jamaica government has even tried to import free negroes from the United States.

In studying these precedents it must be remembered that the slaves in our Southern States are at least ten times as numerous as the slaves in either the British or the French colonies. They now exceed four millions in number, and men now living will, in all probability, see the colored race on this continent more numerous than the entire population of the country at the present time.

It is pretty well understood that President Lincoln agrees with Senator Doolittle in advocating colonization of the blacks. This is the Western plan. Illinois has always refused citizenship to free persons of color, and Western men generally object as much to free negroes as to slavery. Those who have read "Sewell's Ordeal of Free Labor in the British West Indies," will understand this prejudice. In Jamaica and Barbados the mulattoes are steadily gaining power and influence, and the end can not be mistaken. The white race must eventually go to the wall. To avoid this result, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Doolittle, Mr. Blair, and those who agree with them, propose to colonize the negroes of our Southern States—to send them to Hayti, or Central America, or somewhere else.

To be effectual this remedy must be thorough. The entire four millions must be exported.

Let us assume that the National Legislature adopts the colonization scheme, and decides to carry it into effect. To carry the 4,000,000 slaves now in the Slave States to a foreign port would require at least 8000 vessels of 1000 tons each—in other words, all the large sailing vessels in the world for a couple of years. The cost of transportation alone, assuming that the place of disembarkation were in the West Indies or Central America, could not fall short of $100,000,000. It would likewise be necessary to support the 4,000,000 slaves so exiled for at least one year in their new abode, which could not well cost less than $100,000,000 more. The moment they were sent away our Southern States would raise the cry which has been raised by the British West Indies ever since emancipation—for more labor. Cotton, sugar, and rice plantations would go to ruin for want of labor. Prosperous regions would relapse into wilderness, and we should be driven, as the maritime nations of Europe have been driven, into adopting systems of coolie and negro immigration. In the mean while, under the fostering influence of a tropical sun, a negro empire would be rearing its head menacingly somewhere on our Southern border. This empire would number 10,000,000 souls in 1875, and 30,000,000 in 1900. Would not such a neighbor be more dangerous than any of the perils which we have tried to ward off by adopting the Monroe doctrine?

We have said nothing of the probability that the negroes would object to be exiled, and of the monstrous difficulty of exporting 4,000,000 human beings against their will. This is an obstacle which could be surmounted, though to overcome it would involve much expenditure of money, time, and energy.

We offer no theories on this vital question, and are content to throw out a few facts by the wayside for the consideration of the people. Soon enough it will devolve upon us to decide upon a policy in regard to these negroes. Let us be prepared to act with a full knowledge of past history, present circumstances, and future prospects. It will not do to be led by passion or prejudice in the matter. Our action will determine the weal or woe of many generations of white people on this continent. On the face of it, the problem appears to be one of unparalleled difficulty—none the less because its true bearings are so constantly obscured by the fanatic teachings of partisans of naked material interest on the one side, and of abstract moral principle on the other. But we shall have to solve it some day.

THE LOUNGER.

HOW WILL YOU DO IT?

It is certainly tiresome to keep on exposing absurdities and errors; but if we were to be satisfied with a simple denial and exposure of untruth, then—not to put too fine a point upon it—the devil would have his own way easily. All that falsehood wants is to be let alone. It is all that treason wants—all that any crime wants.

The present error that cries aloud for reiterated correction is the querulous complaint—"What is the use?" Suppose you beat 'em wherever they make a stand. Don't you see they all run away? On the shores of the Potomac—in the Virginia Valley—at Newbern—they all go off with the army, except the old people and the slaves. Come, now, you may beat, but you can not conquer. They may hold out, but they can not secure their independence. It is as broad as it is long. Sooner or later you've got to compromise."

Compromise what? What is there to compromise? Here are a crowd of rebels, organized, drilled, intrenched, resolute, who defy the Government of the nation. Either they must succeed in bringing the Government to terms, or the Government must reduce them. If they can compel the Government to agree that they shall obey *upon certain conditions*, then they are successful, and the Government is overthrown. Suppose that South Carolina agrees to cease active hostility upon condition that she shall have the forts in her harbor, and that the United States will allow her to disregard the tariff? Or suppose that Jeff Davis says that he will do what he can to disband the rebel armies, on condition that the Administration will agree that a slaveholder may take and hold his slaves any where in the country? In that case Jeff Davis merely dictates terms to a conquered enemy. If you will do this, he says, I will lay down my arms; if not, I'll fight on.

Besides, practically, Jeff Davis is but a single rebel. He may make his own terms; but how can he bind any other rebel? And the Administration of our Government may accept terms which the next Administration may repudiate. So that the war is only suspended; and only suspended because neither side has conquered.

There can be no compromise, because there are no grounds for a compromise. A compromise belongs to peaceful legislation. Equal legislators say to each other, If you will favor me in this, I will favor you in that. That is a compromise. But if two commanders meet at the head of armies, and one says to the other, "If you will give me your arms and go home I will not fire," and the other assents, that is not a compromise, it is a surrender, a bloodless victory. Or suppose, in the midst of the fight in Hampton Roads, the *Merrimac* had said to the *Monitor*, "Let us each turn about and go home;" that would be a compromise. But what would be settled by it? Each would only have waited for the other to come out again.

In our war we have to beat absolutely, or to be absolutely beaten.

THE RHODE ISLAND LINE.

"When the charge of the Fourth Rhode Island had been made, and the colors were carried along the whole length of the main battery, General Burnside asked some one what regiment that was. On being told the Fourth Rhode Island, he said, 'I knew it. It was no more than I expected. Thank God, the day is ours!'"

It is just about a year since the election in Rhode Island made William Sprague for the second time Governor of that State. He was a young man—the son of a great cotton manufacturer, from whom he had inherited a large fortune, and from his father and uncle the control of a large business. He had returned a year or two before from Europe, when the John Brown enterprise was still exciting the country, and had been selected as a moderate and uncommitted candidate for Governor by a coalition of the moderate but committed political leaders of the State. He was elected; and during the Presidential campaign was regarded as a Lincoln man of the palest possible hue. So very pale, indeed, that when, last spring, he was elected again, over a radical Republican candidate, the result was regarded as a half-Southern triumph, and was so hailed, we believe, by George Sanders, an eminent Democratic doctor of the school which holds that rich men ought to own poor ones.

Mr. Sprague had military tastes—he was commander of a mounted company in Providence before he was Governor—and when the rebellion unmasked itself at Sumter, Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, was the first to telegraph to the President that he would march to Washington with a thousand men at a moment's warning. Thus he telegraphed himself into a national reputation; and when his words were made good—when the First and Second regiments of the State, under Colonels Burnside and Slocum—the bright flower of Rhode Island youth—passed fully equipped to Washington, and stood steady through the dark day at Bull Run, side by side with the New York Seventy-first, while Governor Sprague dashed about the field upon his horse, insensible to fear, and the calm, sagacious, heroic Burnside directed the brigade—then the name of the young Governor became fully known, and his personal pluck was praised by all men.

The year has passed and the patriotic readiness of the little State, symbolized by the prompt dispatch of her Governor at the beginning, has been always and every where maintained. She had two regiments at Bull Run, one at Port Royal, one at Roanoke, and two at Newbern; and to-day she has three in the field and one in camp in the District, unless it has moved with M'Clellan. She has sent to the war five regiments of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, besides several batteries. Nathaniel Greene is not dishonored by his children, and Perry long ago uttered the battle-cry of the Rhode Island line, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours!"

And you, brave boys, who have marched and shall return no more—you, passing in a moment from heroic life to honored death—you shall be the inspiration and the strength of those who remain and share the victory you helped to win. Sacred shall your names be, and sweet your memory. And many a wandering brother of yours, whose heart is not less faithful than your hearts were to the dear old native State, reads with tears of pride and sympathy the story of your valor, and thanks God that he too is a Rhode Islander.

A TERRIBLE SCHOOLMASTER.

If the tone of the rebel newspapers indicates the condition of the public mind at the South, it is profoundly gloomy. A loud cry of peril rings through newspapers and proclamations. Governor Pettus, of Mississippi, invites volunteers, and announces that he has authority to draft. Governor Moore, of Louisiana, declares that "an insolent and powerful foe is at the castle gate." S. Choppin, the "surgeon of General Beauregard's staff"—portentous name—cries, in an appeal to the soldiers of New Orleans, that "greater disasters still are staring us in the face." General Beauregard himself telegraphs that he "will accept all good equipped troops;" and poor Governor Harris, of Tennessee, informs volunteer companies of that State where they may rendezvous. The Charleston *Mercury* complains that "a large submission sentiment was developed" at Nashville when General Buell arrived. The Government of North Carolina establishes Police Courts upon the sea-board to have charge of criminals and slaves; to inflict such punishments and to arrest such white persons as they may think that the public safety requires.

In Savannah a draft has been made; while the question is asked, in correspondence from Richmond, "Shall the cause fail because Mr. Davis is incompetent? The people of the Confederacy must answer this plain question at once, or they are lost." Meanwhile a correspondent wails in response from the army. "The death-like torpor which hangs like a spell over our beleagured country will speedily accomplish our ruin unless dispelled at once and forever. * * Will no one speak and break the spell ere we drift to destruction?" And Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, declares upon the 5th of March, that if certain volunteer regiments are not formed by the 20th, "then a conscription will be made to meet the balance of the requisition." The *Paulding Clarion*—a newspaper in some Mississippi village—declares that "It is now to do, and do at once, or our cause is dead, and we are hopelessly lost;" and thereupon exhorts the faithful to "imitate the Carthagenian women, who cut off their hair to make ropes for their vessels."

The cry of danger is universal. The rebellion has evidently a sickening sense of incompetency somewhere. The Yankee mudsills whom "Southern gentlemen" were to mow down by the hundreds, and who were to turn and run like sheep before the "chivalry" bred of pone and bad whisky, are suddenly found to be men conscious of their cause and of their power. The contempt of Northerners on the part of the "gentlemen" of Mississippi whisky

slums, and of the "chivalry" that whipped women, was doubtless sincere. These "gentlemen" and this "chivalry" were composed of the most ignorant, prejudiced, and brutal people upon the continent. They honestly despised those whom they supposed to be sniveling peddlers, who would sell their souls for a copper. They are now, and forever, undeceived. Henceforth they will understand that men are not cowards even though they do not whip defenseless women; nor sordidly mean even though they do not force other people to work for them without wages.

This war, in a very grim and ghastly way, but very effectually, is destroying the ignorance of the real character of the Northern people in which the mass of Southerners have wallowed, and is making men of all parts of the country more truly acquainted. If the Southern "poor whites" learn that to be idle is not to be a gentlem n, and that real worth of every kind comes from work, their descendants will not seriously regret the schooling of this war.

A FACT.

A firm in England, which owns a great deal of property in this city, wrote to its agent very minute details of the disposition he was to make of the property during the time that the mob held the city. The amused agent answered by the next mail that the city was never more quiet, and that the mob was a pure fiction. Upon which Messrs. John Bull & Co. answered with great dignity and indignation, severely reprimanding their agent, calling his attention to the previous instructions, to which he would instantly conform, and adding that they were amazed and grieved to find that he was so swept away by the sophistries of Northern demagogues as to be unable to perceive that the mob ruled in New York, and that the late Government of the country merely prolonged the appearance of existence by a reign of terror.

The French, according to Hood's traveling John Bull, are a foolish nation, who call their mothers mares, and all their daughters fillies. But there is no absurdity of fiction which English humorists can invent that John Bull does not eclipse by his actual absurdities.

A WORD WITH PENDENNIS.

In a recent "Roundabout Paper" Mr. Thackeray has his say about us. He is a personal friend of many in this country, and a friend also of many thousands who have never seen him, but who have read and who read every word he writes, and thank him for his racy, simple, manly way of talking about the sins that so easily beset us all. Like Dickens, Thackeray has never said, nor could he say, half such hard things about other nations as he says of his own. No blue-book, no report, no statistics of any kind, however appalling their story of the misery and want and despair of the slums of London and the large towns of England could sicken and dishearten a human being more than his tragical revelations of the heartlessness and criminal frivolity of the *salons*. His books are the most tragic comedies in literature. When the future historian of this age consults them, as he must, to know the very form and pressure of the time, do you think he will be any less aghast than we are over the earlier chronicles?

In his talk about us, he says what he feels, doubtless, that whoever has been in America "knows what good people are to be found there; how polished, how generous, how gentle, how courteous;" and then he speaks of the universal gloom of the opening year in England when war with the United States was imminent—"a hundred thousand homes in England saddened by the thought of the coming calamity."

This is fair and friendly. There were plenty of saddened hearts and homes this side the sea by reason of the same prospect. Let us not recriminate here, but pass on.

The author of the "Roundabout Paper," No. 19, devotes the remainder of his article to the threat of confiscation of British property in this country in case of war. The British nation is threatened, he says, that if they take up arms to avenge an insult of their flag their property in the United States shall be forfeited! He goes on to say that not one British gentleman has been influenced for a moment by the publication of this threat.

Softly, my dear Sir, softly. You go rushing on in the raciest vein of your sarcasm, asserting that we have always had the reputation of swindlers, and have had to pay a great deal more for our loans for that reason; that the "stone ship business is Indian warfare;" that we are "puling" because John Bull preferred to stand off—and a freshet of other stuff of the same kind. Softly, I say; and before you sing out so lustily, and cry drab and thief, let us see if you are hurt. *Is* the British nation threatened with confiscation of British property held here in case of war? *Is* it a rod held in *terrorem* over those brave Britons who never, never, never will be slaves—but who, as you have so often graphically and gayly shown us, lick the very dust from the shoes of any noodle who happens to be called my lord?

Not at all; nothing of the kind. It is a simple suggestion of a single newspaper—a suggestion not echoed any where—not in the least regarded—a suggestion futile and foolish upon its face; because we all perfectly well know, that if there is any thing for which an Englishman will willingly give his money as well as his life it is the honor of his flag. My dear author of the "Roundabout," you have been firing your heaviest guns at a man of straw. They make a great noise, for your guns are Columbiads, but really there's nothing there. A mosquito hummed by your ears, perhaps: but a shrieking horde of savages, brandishing the tomahawk, and bent upon your scalp—! Why, you droll Roundabout! put your feet in hot water, and take some cooling drink.

Meanwhile, as you call us that naughty name of swindler, have you ever reflected who especially gave us that reputation? It was no other than Mr. Jefferson Davis, whose efforts upon a larger scale of crime your country, so sensitive to honor, has sedulously favored. You find the "stone ship business" Indian warfare, do you? What do you find blowing living men from the mouths of cannon? We are "puling," because we are surprised that you have stood as aloof from our contest as you did from the war of Troy? Well, we own the surprise, as you would have owned it if we had declared Smith O'Brien and Nena Sahib equal belligerents with Great Britain.

Yes, this is recrimination; but do you not invite it? Yet let it pass. It is in the air. Hatred, or contempt, or indifference, or what that impartial sheet the London *Times* calls Christian forbearance toward us, is epidemic in England just now. We shall survive to show you that you ought to have understood us and sympathized with us; and we shall show it not by iron-clad *Monitors* and rifled guns, but by the confirmation of constitutional liberty and personal rights which, beyond all the absurdities of Englishmen, is the cause of England.

BULLET-PROOF ARMOR.

Why not mail men as well as ships? If a suit of iron makes wood invincible, why should not the same material make men invulnerable? If a man can buy for a reasonable price a light, bullet-proof armor, and, as it were, go about the battle-field in a casemate, why should he lose his life?

This is the question which is sought to be practically answered by the bullet-proof vest, of which Messrs. Elliott, at 292 Broadway, are the agents. It is light in weight and in price. The former is from three to five pounds, the latter is five dollars for a private and seven for an officer.

Whatever saves precious lives in war incalculably strengthens the force of the army. Here is a simple sheath which can be slipped within the waistcoat upon going into action. Think of it, soldiers, who wish to fight as long as the rebels do. Think of it, wives and mothers, who wish those soldiers to return.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A NECKLACE OF PEARLS.

FOR MORNING AND EVENING WEAR.

Dancing is all important to a girl entering life. *Ce n'est que le premier pas (de danse) qui coûte!*

Give with discretion. It is not because it is less valuable than pure gold that women have a strong dislike to imitation jewelry, but rather because their highly sensitive nature abhors a sham.

At sixteen a woman prefers the best dancer in the room; at two-and-twenty the best talker; at thirty the richest man.

"Love me, love my dog," is old and exploded. Love me, love my milliner, is the modern version.

Accomplishments are more useful in married life than domestic qualities. The wife who sings divinely feeds the pride of her husband; whereas she who is only a hand at a light crust merely contributes to his comfort. There are wretches who ask why the hand that rattles off *The Shower of Pearls* should be a stranger to pastry. Conceive *Norma* dabbling with apple-dumplings!

The honey-moon is sober marriage tricked out in peacock feathers.

To slave, and toil, and fret is wretched woman's lot. She is ever dressing, lunching, receiving visitors, paying visits—at ball, theatre, or rout—or, hapless creature! doomed to spend an evening with her husband.

A gentleman who is courting a lady is paying his respectful addresses to her. Let the grocer's man fall in love with Betty at the area-gate and he merely "follows" her.

"Interesting events" are occasions when a nurse takes absolute possession of the house, and the husband sleeps on the sofa.

Babies are the tyrants of the world. The Emperor must tread softly—baby sleeps. Mozart must hush his *nascent requiem*—baby sleeps. Phidias must drop his hammer and chisel—baby sleeps. Demosthenes, be dumb—baby sleeps!

The woman who tickles a man's palate has a stronger hold on him than the sentimental creature who merely touches his heart.

The latest advertisements of an air-tight coffin is, that it protects the form from decomposition, "and can be retained in the parlor as an elegant piece of furniture without any annoyance whatever."

Men who endeavor to look fierce by cultivating profuse whiskers must be hair-em-scare-em fellows.

A soldier was sentenced to have his ears cut off for deserting, and after undergoing the ordeal he was escorted out of the barrack-yard to the tune of the Rogue's March. When clear of the boundary he turned round, and in mock dignity addressed the band as follows: "Gentlemen, I thank you for your polite attentions, but unfortunately I have 'no ear' for music."

When Ellen Jane, the modest miss,
Declares 'tis very wrong to kiss,
I really think that I see through it:
The lady, rightly understood,
Feels just as any Christian should—
She'd rather suffer wrong than do it.

A superintendent of police once made an entry in his register, from which the following is an extract: "The prisoner set upon me, called me an ass, a precious dolt, a scarecrow, a ragamuffin, and an idiot—*all of which I certify to be true.*"

Why is a palm-tree like a chronologer?—Because it furnishes dates.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ For a report of the victory at Newbern, and the battle at Island No. 10, see page 219. For an account of the capture of Beaufort, North Carolina, see page 210.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, March 18, in the Senate, a resolution was offered asking of the Secretary of the Navy information with regard to the Stevens battery. Senator Sumner introduced a bill to permit colored men to carry the mails. The joint resolution authorizing the President to assign military officers to command without regard to seniority was passed, with an amendment depriving him of the power to dismiss from the service. A proposition was introduced to furnish clothing and supplies to the rescued sailors and men of the sloop of war *Cumberland*. The bill for abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia was then taken up, and Senator Hale spoke in favor of it, when its further consideration was postponed till next day. The Senate then held an executive session, and afterward adjourned.——In the House, the bill to increase the efficiency of the medical department of the army was taken up, and considerable discussion ensued. It was finally laid over, and the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Tax bill. The proceedings on this subject were confined to discussing and amending the general features of the bill, after which the Committee rose and the House adjourned

On Wednesday, March 19, in the Senate, petitions in favor of emancipation were presented. The bill securing pay, bounty, and pensions to soldiers of the Western Department was passed. A bill to provide for the public defense, and accepting loans for that object from States, was introduced and referred. A resolution was reported from the Naval Committee authorizing the President to place in active service naval officers now on the retired list. The bill for the organization of army corps was debated and passed. The bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was taken up, and Senator Doolittle proceeded to speak on the subject. The Senate held an executive session and then adjourned.——In the House, the entire day's session was taken up in considering the Tax bill. All the general provisions—forty in number—were acted upon, but no important amendments were made. A proposition was made to exempt slaves from taxation, and on this a short debate sprung up as to the question of property in slaves. The tax on spirituous liquors, ales, etc., was considered, but no progress was made on this branch of the bill, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, March 20, a communication was received from the Secretary of the Navy replying to the resolution asking why the Naval Academy was removed from Annapolis to Newport, Rhode Island. The Judiciary Committee reported back the resolution of co-operation with the President's late special Message recommending assistance to States desiring to abolish slavery, with the recommendation that it pass. The bill for the reorganization of the Navy Department was passed. The bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia then came up, when Senator Willey, of Virginia, spoke at length in opposition to it. At the conclusion of his remarks the Senate held an executive session, and then adjourned.——In the House, a report on the press censorship was made, the consideration of which was postponed till the first Monday in April. The Judiciary Committee reported back the several bills and resolutions in reference to confiscation of rebel property, with a recommendation adverse thereto. The Tax bill was taken up, which consumed the remainder of the session—the tax on ales and liquors being principally discussed, and several amendments being made, after which the subject was laid over, and the House adjourned.

On Friday, March 21, in the Senate, a bill was introduced to provide for a fair settlement of the accounts of the officers and men of the frigate *Congress* and other naval vessels. The bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was taken up; but the smoke from the army bakeries in the basement of the Capitol becoming offensive to the Senators the debate branched off from the legitimate subject to that of smoke, and in that element the debate ended for the day on the bill under consideration. A Message was received from the President recommending a vote of thanks to Commodore Dupont for his eminent services. The Senate then held an executive session, and on its conclusion adjourned.——In the House, the bill to secure pensions to all persons employed on board of gun-boats was passed. A joint resolution was adopted authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to have the steam-frigate *Roanoke* iron-clad and otherwise strengthened. Some debate ensued on a proposition to adjourn over till Monday, but the subject was dropped, and the Senate's amendments to the prize law were taken up and concurred in. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Tax bill, the range of discussion on which, though somewhat wide, did not extend beyond the spirituous liquors and ales sections. Some amendments were adopted when the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

Both Houses adjourned over till Monday.

On Monday, March 24, in the Senate, a memorial from the Philadelphia Board of Trade, urging a reduction of taxes on manufactures, was presented; also resolutions of the Kentucky Legislature, asking a reduction of the tax on tobacco. Both were referred. The joint resolution in favor of affording pecuniary aid for the emancipation of slaves was taken up, and opposed by Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware. Senator Davis, of Kentucky, offered a substitute, declaring slavery to be exclusively within the jurisdiction of the people of the several States, yet that when any State determines to emancipate its slaves, the Federal Government shall pay a reasonable price for the slaves and the cost of colonizing them. The subject was then laid aside, and the bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia was taken up. The question was taken on Senator Davis's amendment, to colonize the slaves, and resulted in a tie vote. The Vice-President voted in the negative, and the amendment was rejected. A debate on the merits of the bill then ensued until the adjournment.——In the House, a resolution was offered asking why the release of Colonel Corcoran has been delayed, and urging that no further exchanges of prisoners of war be made until the Colonel is set at liberty. The resolution was laid over. A bill providing for the payment of the public debt was introduced. Resolutions tendering the thanks of Congress to Lieutenant Morris, the commander of the *Cumberland* during the action with the *Merrimac*, also to General Burnside, Commodore Rowan, and the officers and men under them, for the skill with which they carried out the instructions of General M'Clellan, were referred. A bill to organize the Territory of Arizona, with the Wilmot Proviso applicable to all Territories, was reported by the Territorial Committee. A motion to lay it on the table was lost by a vote of 49 yeas to 76 nays. The Tax bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole, and several amendments were agreed to.

A VICTORY NEAR WINCHESTER.

General Shields had a conflict with the rebels, commanded by Generals Jackson, Smith, and Longstreet, four miles below Winchester, on 23d, completely routing them, and capturing numbers of prisoners, several cannon, and a large quantity of small-arms thrown away in the flight. At last accounts our cavalry was in pursuit of the flying rebels. It appears that General Jackson was under the impression that our troops had left Winchester, and were advancing on the road from Strasburg. When within about a mile and a half of Winchester a skirmish occurred between the advance-guard of both armies, in which General Shields was wounded in the arm by the bursting of a shell. The enemy immediately commenced a retreat; but were followed up by the main body of General Shields's army, and an engagement took place, commencing at half past ten on the morning of 23d, and ending in the entire defeat of the rebels at dusk. The rebels had fifteen thousand men in the field, while the force of General Shields was only eight thousand. The loss on both sides was heavy—that of the rebels, however, nearly doubling that on our side.

ANOTHER IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

We have the news of a brilliant little fight in the Cumberland Mountains, about 40 miles from Piketon, or Pikeville. Five thousand of the rebels were flogged by General Garfield, with a comparatively small force, in twenty minutes. The enemy fled with precipitation; General Garfield passed the night in the hostile camp, and then destroyed the tents and carried off the stores. The rebels lost seven killed; we lost none.

ANOTHER IN ARKANSAS.

Our troops have had another brisk fight, and obtained another success in Arkansas. Colonel Wood, with six companies of infantry and two steel six-pounders, made an advance on Salem, in Fulton County, Arkansas, where he met with a vastly superior force of the rebels under Colonels Woodside, Coleman, and M'Farland, whom he defeated, killing a hundred, including Colonel Woodside, and taking a large number of prisoners. Colonel Wood's loss was only twenty-five killed and wounded.

FLORIDA REPOSSESSED.

The whole State of Florida is restored to the Union. The capture of St. Augustine, with its defenses, at old Fort Marion, and of Jacksonville, by Commodore Dupont, brings back Florida under the folds of the Stars and Stripes. Both places were surrendered without fighting, and in the case of St. Augustine the authorities of the place raised the Union banner on the Town Hall with their own hands. The official report of Commodore Dupont, detailing the whole affair, says: "The American flag is flying once more over the old city, raised by the hands of its own people, who resisted the appeals, threats, and falsehoods of their leaders, though compelled to witness the carrying off of their sons in the ranks of the flying enemy. This gives us possession of a second National fort of strength and importance." The Commodore gives full credit to the officers and men of his command for the faithful performance of their duty.

OUR DEFEAT AT FORT CRAIG.

Advices from Santa Fé to the 3d inst., confirm the recent unfavorable news concerning the battle of Fort Craig, on the 21st ult. The Union loss was 62 killed and 140 wounded. Colonel Canby's command was concentrated at Fort Craig. Since the 25th ult., nothing has been heard from them, communication being cut off. As it was supposed that the rebels, after their victory at Fort Craig, would push on to Santa Fé and Fort Union, all the valuable property of the department and the whole available force were to be removed to the latter place. The fort is a strong one, and 1000 men can easily hold it against a great number. The reinforcements are going from Missouri, and we shall have more encouraging news next time.

OUR ARMY IN SOUTHERN TENNESSEE.

There is nothing new to report from Savannah, Tennessee. Our troops are scouring the country all round, driving off small scouting parties of the enemy, and occasionally capturing leading rebels. General Grant commands our forces. We have three gun-boats and 100 transports. General Beauregard is said to be at Corinth, Mississippi, with an army.

UNION SENTIMENT IN TENNESSEE.

The Union sentiment in Tennessee is manifesting itself in a very potent fashion since the recent successes have convinced the inhabitants of that State that the United States Government is their best friend and surest safeguard. A large body of the citizens of Gallatin (a town notoriously disloyal heretofore) met in public meeting recently, and adopted a platform for the establishment of a post-office in that place. A general feeling to return cheerfully to their allegiance pervades the people of Tennessee. The papers publish an honest and manly address of Andrew Johnson, the recently appointed Provisional Governor of the State, to his fellow-citizens of Tennessee.

TWO MORE MILITARY DEPARTMENTS.

Two new military departments have been constituted by the President, the first to be called the Department of the Gulf, which will comprise all the coast of the Gulf of Mexico west of Pensacola harbor, and so much of the Gulf States as may be occupied by the forces under Major-General B. F. Butler, United States Volunteers. The head-quarters for the present will be movable, wherever the General Commanding may be. The other is denominated the Department of the South, comprising the States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, with the expedition and forces now under Brigadier-General T. W. Sherman, to be under the command of General David Hunter.

GLORY TO WHOM GLORY.

General Burnside, in his official report of the Newbern victory, says: "I beg to say to the General commanding the army that I have endeavored to carry out the very minute instructions given me by him before leaving Annapolis, and thus far events have been singularly coincident with his anticipations; I only hope that we may in future be able to carry out in detail the remaining plans of the campaign. The only thing I have to regret is the delay caused by the elements."

HOW THE REBELS FLED AFTER PEA RIDGE.

As an evidence of the demoralized condition of the rebel army, we have the fact that after the battle Colonel Rector, of the Arkansas militia, retreated with his regiment fourteen miles from the scene of action, and there ordered his men to stack arms and return to their homes, he being utterly disheartened and disgusted with the cause of rebellion, and his men evidently being equally so, judging from the fidelity with which they carried out his orders, for their guns, two hundred in number, were found by our troops carefully stacked and unguarded in a narrow ravine.

MORE "MONITORS."

On 21st March Messrs. Bushnell, Griswold, Winslow, & Co., capitalists, whose funds built the *Monitor*, received a contract from the Government for building six additional iron-cased vessels, on the same plan as governed them in the construction of the *Monitor*. The new vessels are to be each thirty-five feet longer than the present *Monitor*, and are to carry two 15-inch Dahlgren guns. The largest proportion of the iron casing will be done at Troy.

PERSONAL.

Jeff Davis, according to reports from the South, is on his way to "the West." The Memphis *Appeal* announces the fact through the medium of a dispatch from Richmond, which urges the people to rally to his standard.

The Secretary of the Navy has returned thanks to Lieutenant Morris and the surviving crew of the *Cumberland* for their bravery in action with the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

OUR BLOCKADE IN PARLIAMENT.

The question of the efficiency or inefficiency of the Union blockade of the Southern ports has been debated in the British House of Commons on the motion of Mr. Gregory for the production of the correspondence of the Cabinet on that subject.

The speech of the Solicitor-General of England, in the Commons, was exceedingly emphatic as to the acknowledgment of the efficiency of that measure by the Cabinet, as well as of his opinion of the illegality and danger from public disapproval at home of any interference with the operations of our Government toward keeping the rebel ports closed. He stated that the present blockade was more effectual than that instituted by England against America in a former war, when five hundred American privateers went to sea in the face of it, and that it was better maintained than the British blockade of Havre in 1798.

Mr. Gregory's motion was negatived without a division.

IN THE LORDS.

In the House of Lords, on the 10th inst., Lord Stratheden called the attention of the peers to the blockade of the ports of the Confederate States, and moved an address for a copy of any correspondence on the subject subsequent to the papers presented to the House. He brought forward his motion, he said, for the purpose of affording Lord Russell an opportunity of explaining the policy pursued by the Government on the question of the blockade.

Lord Russell expressed his conviction that the policy pursued by the Government had obtained the approval of the country, and said that from the first the blockade of the Southern ports had occupied the attention of ministers, who had had two questions to consider—first, whether the proclamation of a blockade had been made by sufficient authority; and, secondly, whether the means employed had been sufficient to blockade so large an extent of coast.

In regard to the first point, the proclamation had been issued, as laid down by Lord Stowell, by the sovereign authority in the person of the President of the United States; and in respect to the extent of coast, England had formerly proclaimed a blockade of a coast not much inferior in extent. As to the number and size of the vessels which had eluded the blockading squadrons, much exaggeration existed, many of these vessels being only coasters of small draught running from creek to creek. He could not give the papers moved for, for the simple reason that none such existed. He hoped the North would consent to a peaceful separation of the South, which would be followed by the gradual abolition of slavery.

MEXICO.

THE INTERVENTION.

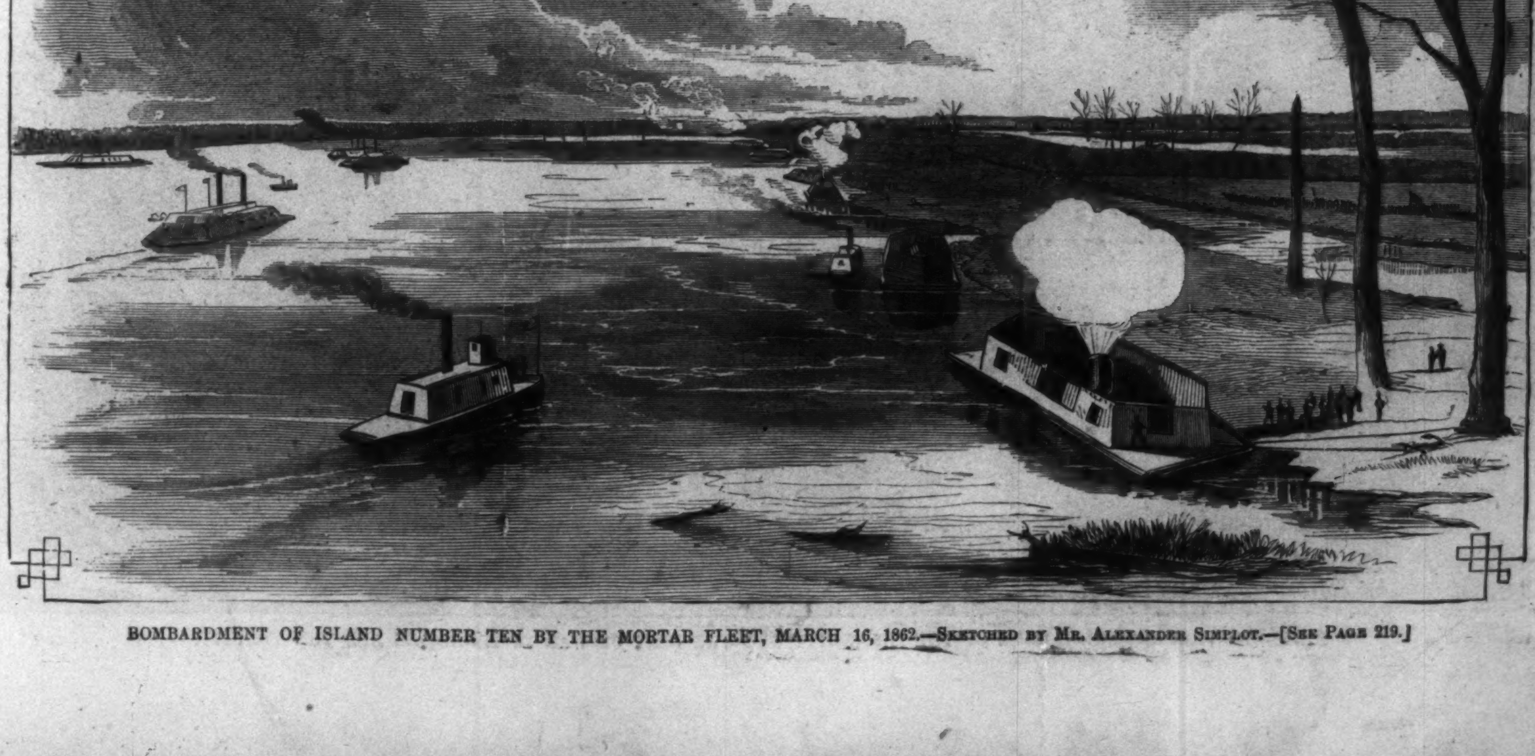
All the English at Vera Cruz, with the exception of about a hundred men, have embarked, and were ready to start for England *via* Havana and Bermuda. In connection with the expedition to Mexico, the *Epoca* of Madrid, of March 1, has the following: "We say it once for all, the three Powers have taken no resolution relative to the internal affairs of Mexico, and there exists no difference of opinion. If it suits the Mexicans to abandon the republican form of government, and to raise to the throne either the sister of the Queen, Prince Maximilian, the Count de Flandre, or any other prince, there will be no hindrance on the part of the governments."

1. Island Number Ten.—2. Rebel Gun-boats.—3. Obionville.—4. Point Pleasant.—5. New Madrid.—6. Battery below.—7. Mortar boats.—8. Union Gun-boats.

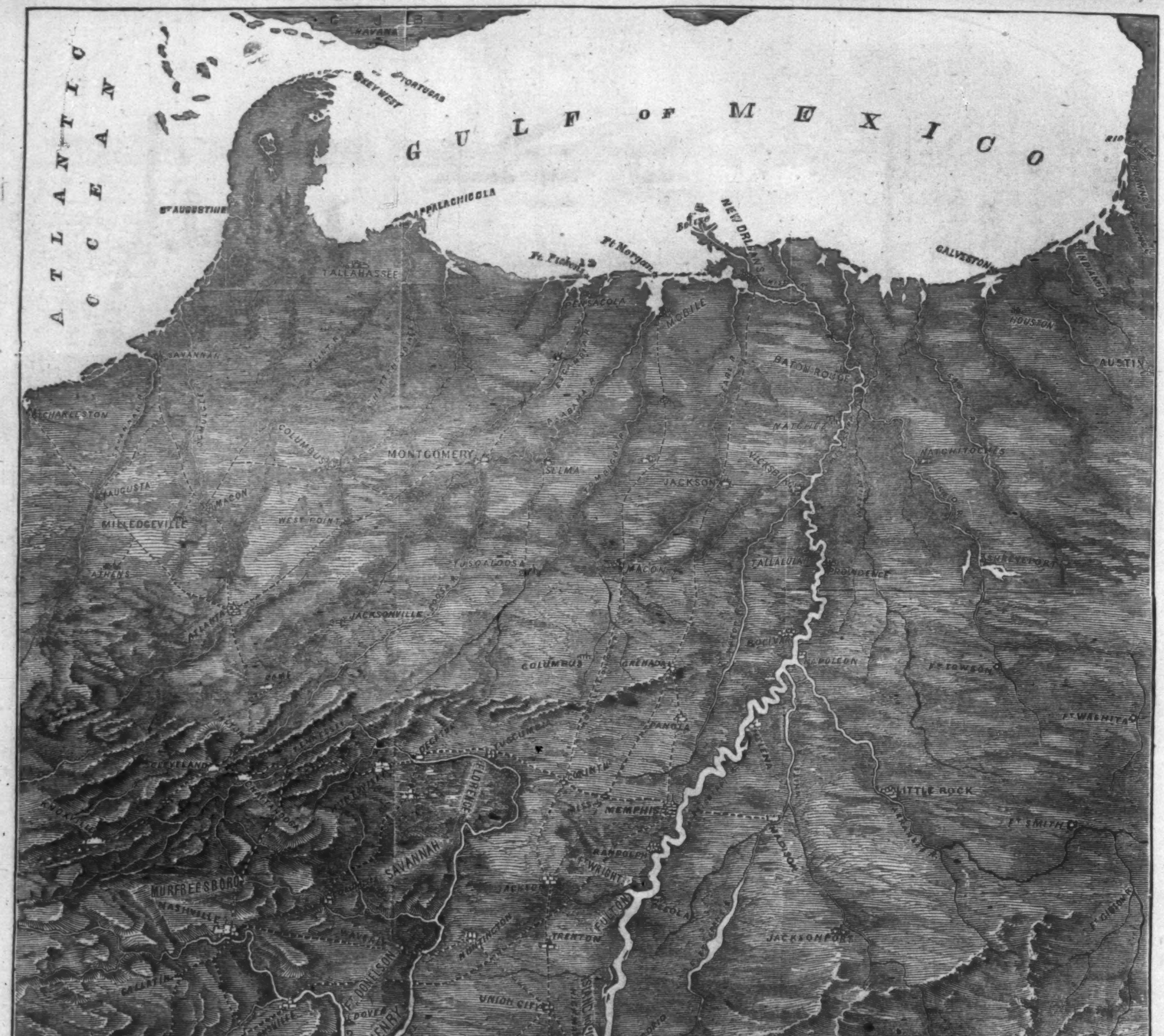
BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE ATTACK ON THE REBEL BATTERIES ON AND NEAR ISLAND NUMBER TEN, BY COMMODORE FOOTE'S FLOTILLA.—[SEE PAGE 219.]

THE GUN-BOAT FLEET DROPPING DOWN STREAM TO RECONNOITRE.

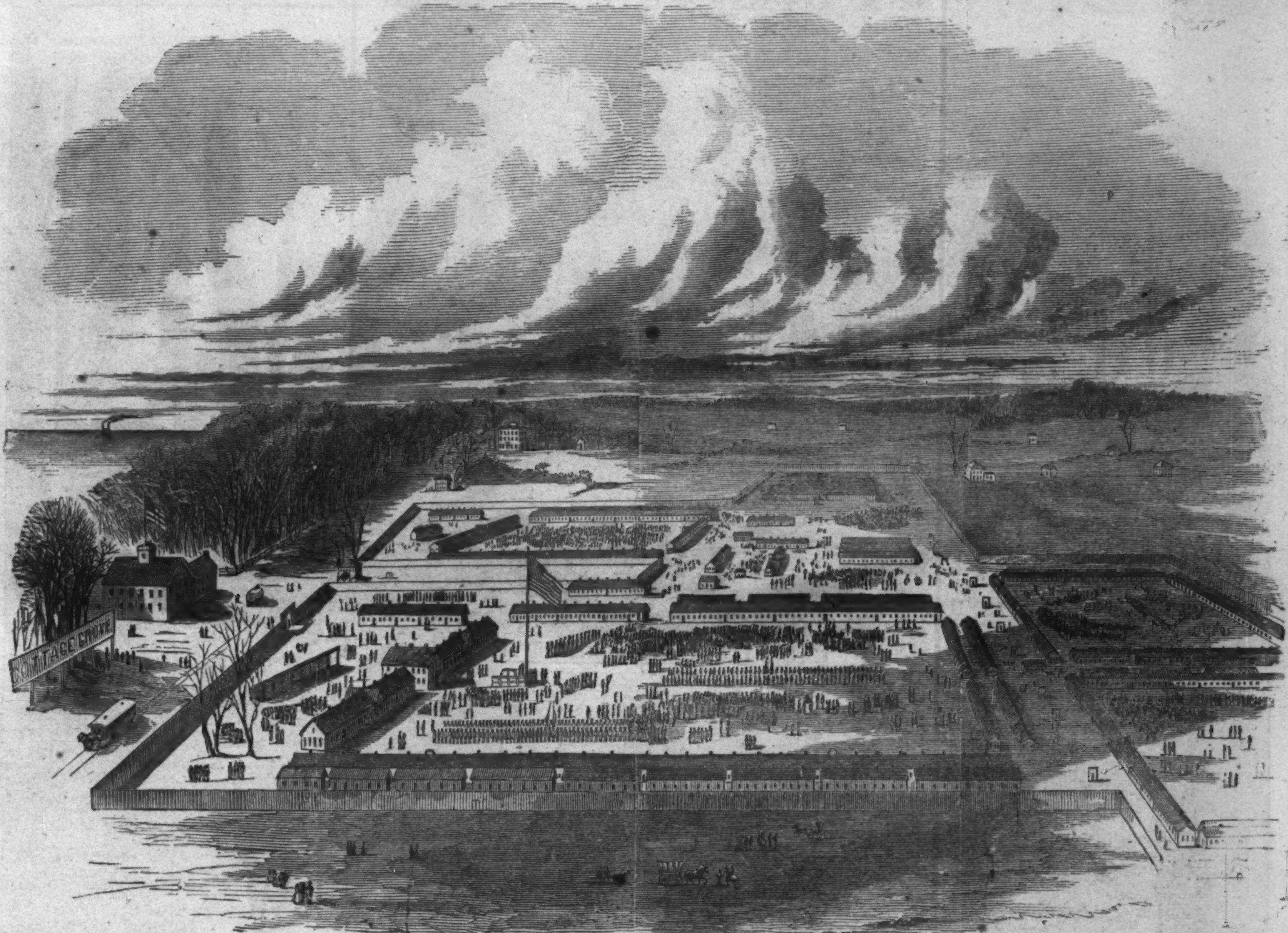
STEAMERS TOWING MORTAR-BOATS INTO POSITION.



BOMBARDMENT OF ISLAND NUMBER TEN BY THE MORTAR FLEET, MARCH 16, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 219.]



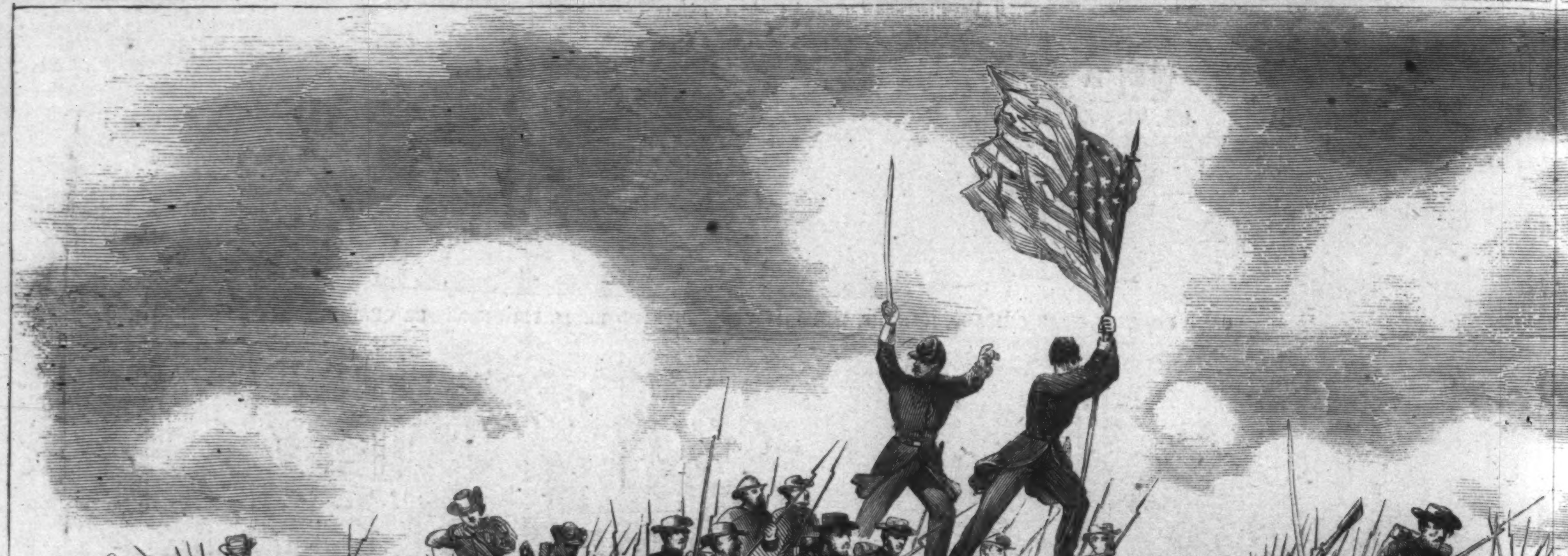
BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE COURSE OF THE MISSISSIPPI, AND THE SEAT OF WAR IN TENNESSEE AND THE VICINITY.



CA P DOUGLAS, NEAR CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, WHERE SEVEN THOUSAND REBEL PRISONERS ARE QUARTERED.—[See Page 223.]

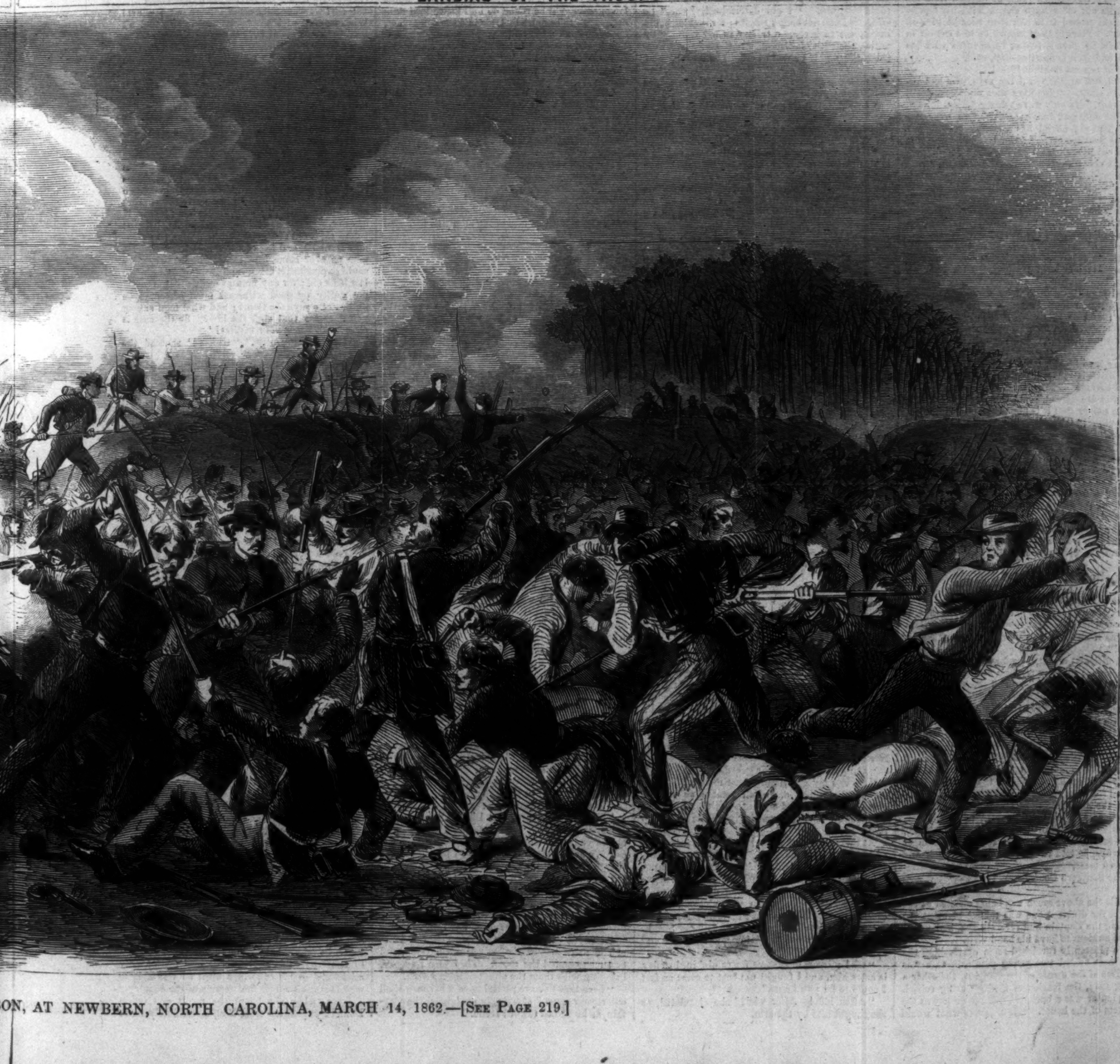
REBEL PRISONERS AT CAMP DOUGLAS, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—[See Page 223.]

THE FLEET ASCENDING THE NEUSE RIVER.



THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—THE STORMING OF FORT THOMPSON,

LANDING OF THE TROOPS



ON, AT NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH 14, 1862.—[See Page 219.]

ADVENTURES OF A TEACHER IN DIXIE.

"I will be revenged on the accursed Yankee cur! I will teach him what it is to thwart a Southerner!"

These words were uttered in a sort of under-growl by a figure just emerged from the shade of a large dwelling. It was that of a man apparently about thirty years of age, active and well built. He glanced upward at the house, then muttered a deep oath, and strode rapidly down the lawn toward the gate, where he mounted his horse and rode off.

A ride of fifteen minutes brought him to a low, dingy-looking building, which answered the double purpose of a store and hotel for such weary travelers as tired nature forced to seek a resting-place for the night. A crowd was assembled about the door listening to an excited individual who was delivering a harangue from the top of a molasses hogshead. His theme was, "The Constitutional rights of the South," "Northern despotism," and "the Military dictation of Abe Lincoln and Bill Seward." But he was unceremoniously cut short by one of the sovereigns, who proposed "Three cheers for Captain Daniels!" as the horseman rode up. The cheers were given with a hearty vigor; but the Captain dismounted without even acknowledging the salute, and forcing his way through the crowd, entered the hotel. He proceeded directly to the bar and called for whisky. After slaking his thirst he went into an adjoining room, where a dozen or more men were congregated about a long table. At his entrance a large, ruffianly-looking man rose from his seat at the head of the table, and greeted him as follows:

"Well, it is about time you were here, Captain. The boys are getting tired of this kind of a life—they are growing lazy, and want something to keep the fire up. Any thing new stirring?"

The Captain, without making any reply, strode forward and took the vacated chair at the head of the table. Drawing a piece of tobacco from his pocket, he cut off a huge chunk with his bowie-knife, then passed it to the man nearest him on the right. Placing the "chaw" he had cut off in his mouth, he gave it two or three turns with his tongue, and then looking around, said,

"What reports to-night?"

"Well, not much," said the man who had vacated the chair. "Joe says that old Benson will need a visit. He only gave twenty dollars toward fitting us out, and now refuses to fork over any more. The old hound has made enough money out of us Southerners, and now he should be made to shell out liberally. I go for visiting him."

"Then visit him!" exclaimed the Captain, bringing his fist down on the table with great violence. "And there is that sneaking Yankee schoolmaster—*he* wants visiting too, and that quickly!"

"What has he been doing, Captain? I reckoned that he was safe enough," said rather an elderly man as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"*Do-ing!*" thundered the Captain, casting a fierce glance at the speaker. "He has been doing enough. He has been tampering with Packer's niggers."

"I always thought that he was an Abolition skunk. Never thought much of schoolmasters, anyhow; and as this one's suit is getting to be rather shabby, I go for giving him one made of Southern productions," said the man at the Captain's left.

"Give it to him!" "Let her rip!" "Clear out the Abolitionists!" "Hang the nigger stealers!" shouted several.

"If you are agreed," said the Captain, "I suppose the sooner that it is done the better."

"To-night!" "To-night!" "To-night!" was the response.

"Then let it be to-night. You will find him down at Packer's. I left him there a short time ago, and I don't believe that he will leave for an hour or two yet. But what is best to do with him? Give him a notice to quit—the black snake—tar and cotton—or—" Here the Captain gritted his teeth, and after a slight pause, continued, "Let him stretch hemp down in the hollow?"

"Give him a little snake and tar!" said one.

"With the cotton rubbed in!" ejaculated another.

"Oh, give him the hemp and done with it!" said a third.

"Let us leave it till we hear what he has got to say for himself," said the old man with the pipe.

"Hear what *he* has got to say," sneered the Captain, "as if any one here would believe an Abolitionist!"

"Abolitionist or not, I go for giving every man a fair chance; and say try him first and give him what he deserves after," replied the old man in a firm voice.

"Yes, a trial!" "Try him!" "A trial!" "Old Buckskin will be his counsel," interrupted several.

"Let us have some whisky before we decide," said the Captain.

"Ay! That's it! Whisky! Couldn't expect a man to give a fair vardict till he's had his whisky, could you?" exclaimed one of the crowd, raising his head from the table, where he had been dreaming on the affairs of the nation, until aroused to consciousness by the magic word "whisky."

The Captain gave an order for a gallon of whisky, which being brought in, together with a number of tin cups, he told each man to help himself and gave as a toast,

"The Southern Confederacy!"

While the above scene was being enacted at the hotel, a far different one was taking place at the dwelling the Captain had recently left, and which he was anxious to have his band visit.

In a pleasantly furnished room overlooking the lawn were seated two young persons. One was the niece of the owner of the mansion, the other a young man, the teacher of a neighboring school. The planter was a bachelor, and his niece was the mistress of the house. She was not what would be called a belle; yet she was of pleasing demeanor, and one who improved upon acquaintance. The young man had resided in that vicinity for the past three years, and by his quiet, gentlemanly conduct had made many friends, and of course some enemies. He had always refrained from taking any part whatever in politics, and had never even allowed himself to be drawn into conversation in relation thereto. With the inmates of the house he had long been on very intimate terms; but for the young lady he had cherished a feeling of something more than friendship, although he had never made it known to her, not having received sufficient evidence that it would be reciprocated if it were known, and he was aware that Captain Daniels had long laid siege to the heart which he was anxious should beat in unison with his own. On the evening in question the young lady had paid more than usual attention to his conversation, much to the indignation of Captain Daniels, who became convinced that in the schoolmaster he had a formidable rival, and growing restless at what he considered an attempt to give him the cut direct he quitted the house in high dudgeon.

It was thus that matters stood. The young man had called for the purpose of saying farewell, previous to his departure from that section of the country, which, for very good reasons, he had determined should take place as privately as possible, and had therefore not mentioned the subject in the presence of Captain Daniels. As he rose to go the young lady started up somewhat suddenly, seized his hand, and, after a deep, earnest, melancholy gaze into his countenance, said, in a mournful tone,

"Are you determined, William?"

It was the first time she had called him by that familiar name; he felt a queer sensation within his breast, and it was some moments before he could answer.

"I am, *Irene!*" He had spoken what he had heretofore considered a forbidden word to his lips, and paused as if startled at his boldness. But love laughs at locksmiths, and why not at ceremony? William had now crossed the Rubicon, and he ventured forward. "I am determined, Irene," he said. "I can not longer remain; for nothing could induce me to become a traitor to my country by taking the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy; and if I should I would be unworthy of your esteem—your love." He hesitated an instant and then continued: "For he who will prove false to his country will prove false to all else."

"I would not have you prove false to your country, William. But you have been so quiet no one will think of molesting you," she replied, as she gazed fondly upon him.

"Ah! Irene, you little know the men engaged in this foul conspiracy. They will let none escape them. Their only hope of success is in keeping down all opposition to their movements at home by an unmitigated despotism. I must go!" he said, as for the first time he pressed her to his bosom.

"Then *I* will go, too!" she exclaimed, and as she spoke her features, hitherto illumed by a soft melancholy hue, assumed a fixedness of purpose that plainly told that she was in earnest.

"*You*, Irene?" ejaculated the young man with a look of bewilderment.

"Yes, William. I will have no tie to bind me to this place when *you* are gone, and my soul has long revolted at this unholy rebellion. My father fought bravely in many a battle under the glorious old Star-Spangled Banner, and he would not rest easy in his grave if his only child should countenance the madmen in their desperate schemes to drag the proud emblem of our nation in the dust."

As she spoke her features were illumed with a bright glow that at that moment rendered her exceedingly beautiful, and the young man clasped her to his bosom and fervently exclaimed:

"My own Irene! Spoken like a true daughter of Columbia!"

After a few moments' pause he continued:

"But where will you go? Then—your uncle?"

"*Go!*" she exclaimed, as the fire darted from the hitherto mild eyes, "why, go with you, to be sure! That is, if you do not object too strenuously. As for uncle—thank God, he is only an uncle by marriage; for none of our blood courses through a traitor's veins—he is too much engaged in this rebellious war to care for any thing else, and he will not return for a fortnight yet."

"You would willingly, then, share my destiny whatever it may be?" he said, as he gazed at her tenderly.

"Willingly!" she replied.

"Do you know how small my fortune is?"

"I care not for your *fortune*. It is *yourself* I care for, and know that you possess the noble traits of human nature, and that is sufficient for me."

"Ah! but Irene, I am poor. My whole fortune is in my own exertions. I have but a few hundred dollars in the world;" and as he spoke he heaved a deep sigh.

"*My* fortune will do for both; and thank Heaven that the largest portion of it is invested in the North," she replied.

"But your uncle is your guardian."

"He *was* my guardian. Last month I became my own guardian, and shall remain so until I choose another. And my next guardian must not be a traitor," she said, smilingly, as she looked up into his face.

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Come in," she said, as she resumed her seat.

The door opened, and in hurried a stalwart negro with the perspiration streaming down his sable cheeks, while consternation was pictured in his countenance. It was Irene's favorite slave.

"Why, what is the matter, Bob? Speak, quick!" she nervously exclaimed, as she arose and approached toward him.

"Oh! missus, excuse us for comin' in, but dey is arter him, and I taught um best to come as fast I could to let you know."

"After him! After who?" she ejaculated, as she caught him by the arm.

"Arter Massa Holmes, dere!" exclaimed Bob, pointing toward the young man.

"After Mr. Holmes! What do you mean, Robert!" she exclaimed, while a nervous tremor seized her.

"Why, missus, ye see, I'se whar jist comin' round de corner ob de house as Massa Daniels went out, and he whar swarin' to hisself 'bout wengeance on de Yankee; and as I didn't know ob no udder Yankee 'bout here but Massa Holmes, I taught ob course it must be him—kase you lub Massa Holmes better dan Massa Daniels, and dat whar de reason why he got mad."

"Love Mr. Holmes! Who told you so?" interrupted Irene.

"Excuse me, missus—nobody told me so; but I kinder taught so—dat was all—and I couldn't help dat, you know. So I'se tinks de best ting for me was to follow on and hearn all about it. So as I'se knows dat his company whar a going to be up to de store to-night, kase I seed a good many ob 'em goin' thar, I'se run along in de shade and got round behind de house, crept close up by de winder in de room whar dey meet, and dar heerd Massa Daniels tell 'em dat dey whar to take de Yankee schoolmaster down in de hollow and hang him, kase he'd bin talkin' to de niggers 'bout boblishun. He told 'em dat he whar down here, and dat when dey had drunk enough ob whisky, dat dey whar to cum down and take him. And, missus, dey will be here putty soon, kase I taught I heerd 'em when I cum in de gate. Didn't I do right, missus?"

"Yes, yes! Thanks, Bob. But what is to be done?" she inquired, with much agitation.

"I tinks, missus, dat Massa Holmes had better get out ob de way mighty soon."

"Good-night!" said the young man, as he started toward the door.

"Stop, William! You must stay here to-night!" said Irene, as she sprang forward and caught hold of him.

Bob, who was glancing eagerly out of the window, now turned quickly about and said,

"Too late to run now! Dey is cumin' up de lawn, and dey'll be round de hull house in a minnet. Hab to be quick! Hide in some snug place, kase dey don't mind takin' people out ob de house. You know, missus, what dey done down at Massa Gordon's tudder night."

At this instant a noise was heard at the front door.

"There! quick, William! My room! Fly! quick!" And as she spoke she pushed him toward the door which Bob had opened, leading to an adjoining room. As soon as he had crossed the threshold she closed and locked the door, putting the key in her pocket.

The noise at the outer door now increased. Bob took up a lighted candle and tardily descended the stairs, taking care to make enough noise for those outside to hear. Reaching the lower landing he slowly unfastened the door, and then, holding the candle up full in the face of the man who had been knocking, said,

"What am de matter dis time ob night wid so much noise? What do you want?"

"We want the schoolmaster," growled the man.

"Well, dis ain't de place to cum and make such a noise about de schoolmaster. Go along wid you to his house, and not frighten missus to death. Massa Packer'll gib it to you when he cum home. See if he don't!"

"None of your jaw, but go and tell the schoolmaster some gentlemen want to see him," replied the man, in a fierce tone.

"De schoolmaster ain't here, I tell you. He has gone home a long time ago," answered Bob, with the utmost *sang froid*.

"You lie, you black scoundrel, you!" hissed forth a voice from the crowd. "I saw his shadow in the room as we came up the lawn."

"Dat you, Massa Daniels?"

"Yes, it is me," said that personage, stepping forward. "Go and tell Mr. Holmes that he is wanted."

"Massa Holmes ain't here," reiterated Bob, not at all thrown off his guard at the savage demeanor of the Captain. "Dat whar my shadder you see in de room, Massa Daniels."

"Men, do your duty!" exclaimed the Captain, not deigning to hold further parley.

A number of the band now surrounded the house, illuminating the scene with their torches, which they now lighted, in order to discover their victim if he should attempt to escape, while others entered the dwelling. A party, with the Captain at their head, ascended the stairs and entered the room where Irene was sitting.

Irene had by this time recovered her presence of mind, and gazing sternly at the Captain, she said,

"Why this outrage in my uncle's absence, Mr. Daniels?"

"We are but doing our duty. We are in search of an Abolitionist, whom we have good reason to suppose is concealed in this house," he replied. "Search that room," he continued, turning to the men, and pointing to the room where the young man was concealed.

One of the men tried the door, and, finding that it would not yield to his pressure, said,

"The door is locked."

"That is my room, Mr. Daniels!" exclaimed Irene, indignantly, "and I forbid either you or any of your men entering it."

"We are no respecter of rooms while in the discharge of our duty. You will save trouble by giving us the key," he answered as he held out his hand, as if he expected to receive it.

"You shall not have it," she said, in a firm tone. "Courageous men indeed, to thus endeavor to break upon the privacy of a female!"

"Men, do your duty!" exclaimed the Captain.

The next instant the door was shattered, and two men entered the room. They soon returned, bringing with them the object of their search.

"I see that you are partial as to what men shall enter your room," sneeringly exclaimed the Captain, as he turned toward Irene.

She attempted to speak, but her heart was too full, and she sank powerless in the chair.

"Away with him!" shouted the Captain, as he observed Irene drop so listlessly in her seat. Supposing that she had fainted, he became anxious to get away.

In a few moments the whole party were assembled on the lawn. Here they bound their victim, and, after extinguishing a number of the torches, hurried forward.

"Here! here! you Hannah! you Hannah! look out for your missus!" shouted Bob, in a stentorian tone, and then darted out of the house.

Captain Daniels and his band proceeded a short distance up the main road, and then turned off and descended a long hill, at the bottom of which a natural amphitheatre was formed by the surrounding cliffs. The party arriving at this spot, all the torches which had been extinguished were relighted, and a circle formed around a large stump, upon which the ruffianly-looking man who had officiated at the hotel during the Captain's absence took his seat, and shouted,

"Let the prisoner stand out!"

The young man's fetters were taken off, and he was told to step in front of the judge. He took the position pointed out, and then two of the band ranged themselves on each side of him, each with a pistol leveled at his head, and warned him what to expect if he should attempt to escape. When this ceremony was through the man on the stump demanded, in a loud tone,

"What are the charges agin the prisoner?"

At this the Captain came forward and said:

"I charge him with being an abolition emissary, and with endeavoring to induce slaves to run away from their masters!"

The young man turned and gave a contemptuous glance at the Captain, but did not reply.

"Prisoner, what have you got to say agin these ere charges?" demanded the ruffian judge.

"As God is my witness, I am innocent. The charges are false!" he replied, in a firm voice.

"Oh! we want some other witness in this court! Whar ar your witnesses? Bring 'em on and don't keep the court a-waitin'," answered the judge.

"I have no witnesses; but I deny the charges and challenge proof," exclaimed the prisoner, in the same firm tone.

"It is your place to prove the charges agin you false, and not the Court's to prove 'em true. So bring on your witnesses," said the judge.

"I have none!" responded the young man, in the same decided manner; but this time there was a mixture of sadness in it.

"Gentlemen of the jury!" said the judge, rising and assuming a pompous air, "the case is a plain one. The prisoner is charged with a very heinous crime—the worst known in the country—and when called upon to clear himself and prove the charges agin him not true, he only denies 'em (just as if any one here was a goin' to believe an Abolitionist before the word of a good Southern man like Captain Daniels), and says he has no witnesses. No man as ever came into court without witnesses could expect to get clear—and it would be agin the law if he did; for any man as can't prove himself not guilty by good witnesses must of course be guilty. So says the Court; and what man among you dare say that ain't the law? So the case is closed. What is your verdict?"

"Guilty!" "Guilty!" "Guilty!" shouted the crowd.

"Prisoner," said the ruffian judge, "you've hearn the vardict of your fellow-citizens, after as fair a trial as I ever seed. Now it is my duty to pronounce the sentence of the Court; which is, that you be taken to yonder tree, thar strip and get a dozen, then receive a coat of tar and cotton as a salve for your wounded feelings, after that you will be allowed to stretch hemp for the rest of your nat'ral life. Amen!"

A smile of satisfaction spread over the Captain's countenance as he heard how well his instrument in villainy delivered the sentence which he had dictated.

The prisoner was taken to the spot the ruffian judge had indicated, and was there relieved of his clothing, after which he was tied to the tree and received a dozen lashes. He was then released and warm tar poured over his head and shoulders. While this was going on a number of the crowd amused themselves by throwing handfuls of cotton at him. When this part of the fiendish orgies was exhausted, a rope was procured and one end placed around the prisoner's neck and the other over a bough of the tree. The Captain then stepped up close to him and said,

"Have you any word to send to the *lady*?"

But receiving no answer from his victim he turned away, mounted his horse and rode off, followed by a number of his band.

The men whose business it was to execute the prisoner, in their hurry to join their companions, so as not to be behindhand in participating in the revel at the hotel which the Captain had promised them, only pulled the rope taut, leaving their victim with his feet resting upon the ground, to die from strangulation and exposure.

Three weeks from the night the above scene occurred a young couple were united in the bonds of matrimony in the city of Cincinnati. The bridegroom had experienced the reverse of the adage, that "it is but a step from the altar to the grave." To him it had been but a step from the grave to the altar. Left by a band of ruffians to die a horrible death, he had been providentially rescued by a faithful negro. Bob, with the instinct or intuition that he would be of service, had taken a short road to the hollow, and there concealed himself; and as soon as the ruffians had reached a safe distance, he released their victim and conveyed him to a deserted cabin in the woods, and there kindly ministered to his sufferings until he was able to make his escape from that section of the country.

Irene, when she heard the result of Captain Daniel's expedition from Bob, immediately made

preparations to leave, and gave out that she intended to visit a relative who resided at some distance, in a neighboring Slave State, and there await the return of her uncle. To Bob she gave a sum of money, telling him to get such articles as were necessary, and accompany Mr. Holmes to Cincinnati, where she would meet them. They met, and after the marriage ceremony she presented Bob with his freedom papers as a reward for his conduct.

The young teacher and his bride soon left Cincinnati. After a visit to his native village he committed his wife to the care of his mother, and with their blessings he enrolled himself in the army of the Union—was chosen by his comrades as their Captain, and he is now doing battle for God and his Country.

THE IRON-CLAD STEAMER "GALENA."

On page 220 we present an accurate view, with diagrams, of the iron-clad war steamer *Galena*, which is now receiving her final armor at the "Continental Works," Green Point, Long Island—the establishment where the *Monitor* was constructed. This vessel has generally been spoken of as the "gun-boat *Mystic*," her hull having been built at Mystic, Connecticut. The word gun-boat very inadequately describes her character, for she is a war steamer of about 1000 tons, carrying a heavy armament, and constructed to combine speed with a power of resistance greater than any other vessel of her class. In ordinary vessels there are spaces left between the timbers which constitute the frame. In the *Galena* the frame is solid, being composed of timbers of oak and walnut at least 18 inches square; over this is laid the external planking, and inside another planking, bringing her solid thickness up to nearly two feet. Outside of all is the iron armor. This is composed of plates 12 feet long, five inches broad, of rolled iron, varying in thickness from 1¼ to 2 inches. These plates are rolled into such a shape as to present a flange upon the upper edge, through which the bolts are driven. This flange is covered by a corresponding one on the lower edge of the plate next above, which covers the bolt-heads, and so on from bottom to top. No bolt-heads are therefore exposed, the whole side of the vessel presenting a smooth iron surface. There are thus two layers of plates, making the entire thickness of her armor from 2½ to 4 inches. The plates present also depressions and elevations, fitting into each other. Figure 4 is an end view of these plates, showing the manner in which they fit into each other. It has been found by experiment that two plates of iron present a greater resistance to a ball than a single plate of the thickness of both. The bolts, instead of being merely driven into the timbers of the sides, pass entirely through, and are secured by nuts on the inside, so that should a bolt become loosened in any way, it may be at once tightened with a wrench.

The peculiarity of the model is that the hull presents every where a rounded surface. Looking directly at the stern, the shape is very like the larger end of an egg. In fact an egg will give the best idea of the general form of the hull, only we must suppose it to be elongated to five times its breadth—the length of the *Galena* being 180 feet, and her extreme breadth of beam 36. From the upper surface we must also suppose about one quarter to be cut off. This flat surface constitutes the upper deck of the vessel; it measures 26 feet at the broadest part, being 10 feet less than the breadth of the vessel at the water-line below. The sides curve from the water-line to the deck. This will be understood by Figure 1, which represents a section of the vessel cut down amid-ships.

The advantages of this rounded form are apparent. A ball striking a flat surface at a right angle—that is, in a direct line—exerts its whole force, and either passes through, or is stopped, or rebounds. Now if it strikes at considerably less than a right angle, it glances off in another direction. It will not, however, go as far in this new direction as it would have done in the former one; the difference between these two distances measures the amount of force actually expended upon the object hit. Now a curve may, for practical purposes, be considered as composed of an infinite number of plane surfaces, at angles constantly varying; only one of these surfaces being perpendicular to any particular straight line. Consequently, a ball striking a curve, unless it happens to hit this one point, strikes at an angle smaller than a right angle, and glances off, unless, indeed, its diminished force is sufficient to penetrate the object. The chances are millions to one that a ball will not hit a curve at the precise point in the surface which is perpendicular to its direction. Practically, therefore, the *Galena* can only be hit by a ball at a small angle.

The deck, of which we have spoken, is covered with bomb-proof iron plates. It is not, however, the fighting-deck, upon which the guns are placed. That is below, completely sheltered by this upper deck, which presents nothing, from stem to stern, except a ball-proof pilot-house, and the masts and rigging. At the bottom of the page is a view of the fighting-deck, with its armament of heavy Columbiads, the calibre of which we are not at liberty to state. The *Galena* is pierced for 18 guns, as will be seen by counting the port-holes. She is presumed to fight head on, "yawing" from side to side, so as to deliver fire alternately from her bow guns. The bows and stern, being the most exposed parts, are protected, in addition to the other armor, by plates of iron. The port-holes are protected by massive iron port-covers, opening in the middle, the upper half being lifted up, and the lower half dropped down, when the guns are to be run out. These port-covers are shown in Figure 3. The vessel is brigantine-rigged, the standing rigging being of wire ropes. Figure 2 is an enlarged view of a portion of the sides, showing the strength of the construction. It is believed that the iron beak of the *Virginia*, which crushed through the side of the *Cumberland* as though it were an egg-shell, would strike as harmlessly upon the *Galena* as it did upon the *Monitor*. Figure 5 presents the water-line of the vessel when afloat, showing how little of her side is above water, and consequently how small a mark she presents. Figure 6 shows the position of the Engine-Room, which, it will be seen, is below the water-line. Figure 7 shows the position of the officers' apartments.

The *Galena* is one of the three vessels whose construction was recommended last September by the Board of Naval Constructors—the *Monitor* being another. She was built at Mystic, Connecticut, by Maxson and Fish, Mr. S. H. Pook being the designer. Her iron armor was furnished by the "Rensselaer and Albany Iron Works." The greater part of it was put on at Mystic; but so many delays were occasioned by transporting the iron by railroad in the depth of winter that she was sent to the Continental Works on the 22d of February—a week after launching—to be completed. The bomb-proof deck and pilot-house are constructed by J. T. Rowland, of the "Continental Works." The time of construction, from the day when the keel was laid till that when she will receive her armament, is about 175 days. Her contract price was $235,000. The strength, armament, light draft, and presumed speed of this new vessel, it is anticipated, will render her of special service in our Navy.

THE BATTLE OF NEWBERN.

We devote pages 216 and 217 to illustrations of the Battle of Newbern—in many respects the most brilliant affair of the war. At this battle, an enemy equal in number, and protected by a line of earth-works a mile long and several casemated forts, armed with rifled guns of heavy calibre, provided with the best weapons, and thoroughly prepared for battle, were completely routed by General Burnside in a few hours.

One of our pictures, from a sketch by our artist, Mr. Angelo Wiser, shows The Embarkation of the Troops for the Expedition at Roanoke Island. They were in high spirits and eager for the fight. Another introduces us to the Disembarkation in the Neuse River. This operation is thus described by the *Herald* correspondent:

The point at which the troops landed is the mouth of Slocum's Creek, about twelve miles below Newbern, by water, and seventeen by land. The *Patuxent*, Captain Bennett, the flag-ship of General Reno, was the first to enter the creek, General Reno's brigade having the honor of the advance. The Twenty-first Massachusetts regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, was on board the *Patuxent*, and was to have landed first, according to the programme, but the steamer *Alice Price*, with General Burnside and the Fifty-first New York regiment, glided suddenly by the *Patuxent*, and ran up as near as possible to the beach, when the color-bearer of the regiment fearlessly jumped overboard into some four feet of water, and holding the flag up over his head waded ashore. Reaching *terra firma* the flag was unfurled, and the Stars and Stripes once more floated over that portion of North Carolina. Colonel Ferrero followed into the water—an example which his whole regiment soon imitated—and in a few minutes his whole command was ashore. Almost at the same time, and within a briefer period than it takes to narrate it, the other regiments followed, and the water was soon a swarm of men wading ashore, and of launches filled with troops from the vessels further out in the stream. I must not omit to mention that the *Pilot Boy*, the flag-ship of General Foster, also ran in shore, and the troops on board (Twenty-fifth Massachusetts) likewise jumped into the water. With such alacrity was the landing effected, that in less than an hour the greater portion of the division was ashore.

The battle itself, which is illustrated on the same pages (the moment chosen for illustration is the final charge of our troops with the bayonet after they had expended their ammunition), is thus described by the same correspondent:

It was now about half past seven o'clock (on the morning of the 14th), and a sharp firing ahead denoted that our skirmishers had encountered the enemy. Rapidly forming, the different regiments assumed their positions in their brigades, and the division marched to the attack. General Burnside rode forward, and as the battery or breast-work came in sight across a wide field, a shot was fired from one of its guns. The missile, which proved to be a shell, struck within ten feet of the General and his staff, but, not exploding, bounced along the ground, splashing the party with mud.

General Foster, whose brigade had advanced by the stage road, rapidly formed his regiments in line of battle in the fringe of woods skirting the edge of the field before the breast-work; the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, Colonel Stevenson, on the extreme right; the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, Colonel Upton, next, with its left resting on the road; the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts, Colonel Lee, next, with right resting on the road, and the Twenty-third Massachusetts, Colonel Kurtz, on the brigade left, with the Tenth Connecticut in reserve. To support this line against the eighteen or twenty guns of the enemy's battery our forces had only a few pieces of artillery. The rest was on the way, but did not reach the field in time to participate in the fight. The disposition of our artillery in support of General Foster's position was as follows: On the extreme right Executive Officer M'Cook's battery of boat howitzers from the navy, manned by Lieutenants M'Cook, Hammond, Daniels, and Tillotson, with marines and a detachment of the Union Coast Guard. In the centre, and near the road, a 12-pounder steel gun from the *Cossack*, manned by Captain Bennett, his second mate, Mr. Stroud (captain of the gun), and twenty of the ship's crew. On the left Captain Dayton's battery, from the transport *Highlander*.

After the first gun the enemy run their flag defiantly up over the ramparts and opened very briskly with round shot, grape, canister, and shell. Their infantry were stretched out the entire length of the work between the river and the railroad, and kept up an incessant fire with musketry.

Their fire was replied to with equal vigor by the brigade. When it had taken up its position, and leaving them engaged, let me return to the operations of the Second and Third brigades, under Generals Reno and Parke.

The Second Brigade, consisting of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Colonel Clark; Fifty-first New York, Colonel Ferrero; Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Colonel Hartaruft, and Ninth New Jersey, took the railroad and proceeded along the enemy's right flank. It is somewhat remarkable that the manœuvres of the battle were nearly the same as those of the fight at Roanoke Island. The point at which the intrenchment crossed the railroad was strongly defended by a series of redoubts and rifle-pits, while a subsequent examination revealed the fact that beyond these redoubts the breast-work was continued nearly a mile and a half, making the entire length of the defenses about three miles. The operations of our forces, however, were confined to that only between the river and the railroad track.

The Third Brigade, under General Parke, took up a position on the front, between the First and Second brigades.

Such was the disposition of our troops. The engagement regularly opened about eight o'clock, when the First Brigade bore the brunt of the battle. General Foster rode fearlessly along giving his orders, and was several times exposed to the hottest of the fire. His aids, too, shared the danger, and one of them, Lieutenant Pendleton, narrowly escaped injury, if not death, from a bullet which passed through his coat sleeve, just grazing the arm. The Massachusetts Twenty-fourth, on the right, had soon to regret the wounding of two of their officers, Major Stevenson and Adjutant Horton, the former by a ball in the leg, the latter by a ball in the shoulder. Early in the engagement the Massachusetts Twenty-third lost Lieutenant-Colonel Merritt, who was struck by a cannon-ball, which carried away one side of his body, and lacerated his form in a horrible manner. The proportion of officers killed and wounded during the entire fight was quite large. The Twenty-seventh Massachusetts seemed for some reason to be more exposed to the fire of the enemy, and with ammunition expended, and a large loss, were withdrawn. The Tenth Connecticut, until now in reserve, was ordered to their support, and as they fell back took their place; moving to the front with great alacrity, and opening fire with vigor. The Tenth was finally compelled to retire through want of ammunition, and the Eleventh Connecticut took their place. To the First Brigade belongs the credit of having so long and attentively engaged the battery while the Second and Third executed the brilliant manœuvre of flanking the enemy's right, of which I have now to speak.

When it became evident that the First Brigade was capable of carrying on the fight in front, the Third, which had been supporting it, was ordered, with the exception of the Eleventh Connecticut, to support the Second in the flank movement. Accordingly the Eighth Connecticut, Fourth Rhode Island, and Fifth Rhode Island regiments withdrew a short distance into the woods, and defiling to the left came out upon the railroad, and going forward came in the rear of the Third Brigade.

This portion of the field of operations was immediately under the command of General Reno, and to him was allotted the task of the flank movement already referred to, and which he so brilliantly and successfully accomplished.

It may be well here to state that when the idea of flanking was entertained it was not known that the line of intrenchment extended beyond, or, if it did, much beyond the railroad. When the troops attempted the movement, consequently, of getting in the rear, they discovered not the mere obstacle of swamp or marsh, but also of a series of redoubts and rifle-pits, which defended the immediate vicinity of the track. Our attack in front had so far been confined to the right, near the river, where one of the water batteries had reversed its guns, and was assisting in the defense of the breast-work by an enfilading, or, more properly, diagonal fire upon our troops. The great body of the enemy was consequently here posted, and the flank movement came near resulting in a perfect surprise, though they rapidly reinforced the redoubts as soon as they discovered the approach on that side.

Having drawn out in line of battle, the Second Brigade returned the fire of the enemy vigorously, who, from the rifle-pits and behind the screening edges of the redoubts, were picking off our men with deadly certainty at every shot. But we have to boast of our sharp-shooters also, as many a rebel in these same rifle-pits and behind the entrenchments, whose death-wound was in the head, amply testified.

At last the word was given to charge, and the Massachusetts Twenty-first, which was on the left, succeeded in getting four companies within the enemy's position. The New York Fifty-first, which was on the right of the Massachusetts Twenty-first, supported the movement; while the Ninth New Jersey, Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Eighth Connecticut, and Fourth and Fifth Rhode Island assailed the work at various points. The four companies of the Massachusetts Twenty-first were far in advance of the others into the intrenchment, and, driving the rebels before them, had attempted to reverse the guns, when repulsed by a strong reinforcement of the enemy, who suddenly charged from a little ravine or hollow just in the rear, and with their overwhelming numbers drove them out, making a few prisoners. Our repulse was but momentary. Re-forming the Massachusetts Twenty-first, New York Fifty-first, Fourth Rhode Island, and the Ninth New Jersey, with the Fifth Rhode Island in reserve, returned to the assault, and after another gallant charge, another desperate resistance of the enemy, a hand-to-hand contest over the ramparts of the intrenchment, in which our forces at one time actually reversed its purpose, and used it as a breast-work for their own protection; while they kept the rebels at bay inside, they drove the enemy out, and at the point of the bayonet chased them back out of sight. The victory was won with the loss of nearly seventy killed and two hundred and fifty wounded—a heavy one when it is taken into consideration that of the two brigades only six regiments and one battalion were engaged. The fire of the enemy was terrific, and embraced all the varieties of missile. General Reno and General Parke admirably conducted the whole manœuvring, and with their aids and staff were exposed to no inconsiderable danger.

When the word to charge was given on the left the cheers with which it was received were heard over on the right, and instantly the First Brigade emerged from its position along the edge of the woods, and, dashing across the fields, assailed the enemy at the very muzzles of their guns. But the retreat of their forces on the flank had inspired all with a panic, and they most ingloriously fled, leaving their cannon unspiked, a number of horses, the caissons, and the unexpended ammunition. They contrived, however, to bear off the greater portion of their killed and wounded; so that it is impossible to form an approximate estimate of their loss, though it can not fall far short of our own.

THE FIGHT AT ISLAND No. 10.

We devote page 212 to an illustration of Island Number Ten, showing the rebel positions and likewise that of Commodore Foote's gun-boat and mortar flotilla, and that of General Pope's Union army at New Madrid and Point Pleasant. The correspondent of the *Tribune* thus describes the position:

The river here is in the form of a letter U—running south three miles, next turning to the west half a mile, then again changing abruptly and running for three miles northward. We descend the right or eastern stroke of the U. At the lower end of the bend, on the west side, just where the stream turns to run northward, is the head of Island No. 10. We are unable to come in full view of it without dropping down completely into the bend, in easy range of its guns, and within half a mile of them; our passage thither would doubtless be disputed by batteries on the Tennessee shore, where the bluff is twenty or thirty feet high. But by looking across to the southwest, over a narrow point of land, and through the branches of the scattering trees which cover it, we can see a part of the Island and the rebel steamboats beyond, on the Tennessee side.

Now we read their names with our glasses. We can distinguish the side-wheel transports *Falls City*, *Ohio Belle*, *John Simonds*, *Mars*, *Red Rover*, still bearing her old inscription "U. S. Mail Packet," another with no name upon her wheel-house, and the gun-boat *Grampus*. All have steam on, and their smoke curls up through the trees as they are plying to and fro between the Island and the Tennessee shore. Whether they are carrying soldiers from the Island to the main land, or *vice versa*, we are unable to determine. We can make out their floating battery, anchored beside the Island. It is said to be constructed of a great flat floating dock from New Orleans; it has no propelling power, but was towed up the river. Two refugees who arrived a few days ago, state that it displayed the sign "Bound to take Cairo." An iron drum or roof, which covers a part of it, is surmised to be for the protection of the men and the magazine; its construction is supposed to be such that there is no compartment under the water. We can count twelve guns upon it, which do not appear to be casemated. There are a great many tents extending along for half a mile on the Tennessee shore, above the head of the bend, and in full view of us over the water; but we are unable to see whether there are any batteries or not. Two of our mortar-rafts have been brought down and anchored to the Missouri shore, the point hiding them from the Island, and we are lying immediately opposite them, in the middle of the stream.

On page 213 we give three pictures of the affair, from sketches by our artist, Mr. Alexander Simplot. One represents the Mortar Fleet on their way down the River in tow of steamers; another the Reconnoissance by Commodore Foote, the gun-boats dropping down with the current; the third the Commencement of the Bombardment.

SUNDAY'S FIGHT.

The attack commenced on Sunday, 16th. The correspondent of the Chicago *Post* wrote:

The contest is opened by a shot from the *Benton*, firing "stern on" at the Kentucky battery. Soon after, another missile was sent by the same boat in the same direction, but elicited no reply. Suddenly a sheet of flame and smoke from the mortar-boat darts a hundred feet in the air; the ground seems to tremble as if shaken by an earthquake; the steamboats shake in every timber; a concussion of the atmosphere is felt, as if a single, sudden puff of a whirlwind had moved it; a deafening, stunning noise is heard, which echoes and reverberates among the woods and miles away on either side, and a ponderous shell is whizzing through the air toward the battery, two and one-half miles distant. With eager eyes, the point at which the terrible messenger is directed is watched from the decks of every transport and gun-boat in the fleet. Suddenly a puff of white smoke is seen high in the air over the water, the surface of the river is sprinkled by fragments of the bursting bomb, and fifteen seconds after there comes back to our ears the report of the shattered projectile. Too short? Another, and another still, both of which burst high in the air, and without effect. The spectators grow anxious. Can it be that, after all our labor and our hopes, one of our main dependencies is to fail us? Hark! A fourth of those thunder-rivaling concussions, and shortly after a puff of white smoke is lazily lifted from the dense woods half a mile in the rear of the rebel batteries. Huzza! Their range has not, then, been miscalculated. We can reach them—ay, we can more than overcome the distance. Again a puff of smoke issues from a port in the *Benton*, and a splash is seen directly in front of what is presumed to be the rebel works. But as yet there is no answering fire.

In the course of the afternoon the rebels fired a few shots, but no damage was done.

THE BOMBARDMENT ON MONDAY.

The same correspondent continues his narrative:

The gun-boats weighed anchor at 8 o'clock, and moved slowly up and down the stream; now remaining nearly stationary; then turning, twisting, and crossing from side to side, as if to fully test their ability to hold themselves in the position necessary for operations. The transports, with the exception of the *Pike*, *Wisconsin*, and *Alps*, were ordered further up the stream. These three latter, being powerful tug-boats, were directed to put out into the stream, keeping at distance safe from all danger from the shots of the enemy, but ready at a given signal, in case a gun-boat should be disabled by a successful shot from the foe, to drop down alongside, and draw her to a position beyond reach of the enemy's fire. The order was promptly obeyed.

At 10:25 o'clock a shell from a mortar was thrown in the direction of a Kentucky battery. It burst high in the air over the enemy's works, and the fragments fell in the water far this side of its intended destination. Again that terrible concussion was heard, and this time followed with better effect. The messenger exploded in the edge of the wood, but a short distance in the rear of the gun which responded to our fleet yesterday afternoon, and the returning report was heard accompanied by that dull, heavy reverberation which distinguishes the explosion of a shell in the timber, even when the smoke arising from it can not be discovered. Thus the fight was initiated for the day, and the "top of the morning" conveyed to the foe.

Occasional shots from the mortar-boats followed, many of them indifferently aimed, and but few bursting in a position calculated to disconcert the rebels, further than probably to make them uneasy as to what might probably happen. At 11 o'clock the whole pack of mortars, with the exception of two, were in full cry, and belching forth with a fury indescribable, and really not conceivable by those who have never heard their deafening voices. The *Mound City*, stationed about half a mile above Donelson's Point, fired the first shot from the gun-boats at 11.15 A.M., following it up directly after with another of the same sort. Both shots were distinctly seen to raise a vast cloud of sand directly within the rebel works, giving indubitable evidence that they had been well and surely directed. At the sight of this evidence of the immense range of our guns, and the accuracy of those having them in charge, there arose from the decks of the transports bearing troops cheers loud and long, accompanied by waving of hats and divers other eccentric manifestations by which the American race testify their joy.

Meanwhile the gun-boats *Benton*, *Cincinnati*, and *St. Louis*, were locked together side by side; the flag-ship in the centre, the *St. Louis* upon the right, and the *Cincinnati* upon the left. They dropped slowly down the river to a point close in upon the Kentucky shore, and distant about two and one-half miles from the enemy. With impatience their every movement was closely watched, and lookers-on almost held their breath in suspense and excitement, wrought up by a knowledge that the day was half over, and the action not yet begun.

At precisely 1 o'clock the *Benton* opened fire. The shot struck the water far short of the mark. It was followed by one from the *St. Louis*, which, bursting but a little above the fort, threw a perfect torrent of iron hail into the opposing battery. A third from the *Cincinnati* took effect in nearly the same locality, and the battle was formally inaugurated.

The fight now raged faster and more furiously upon our side. Shell after shell was distinctly seen to explode in such a manner as to cast upward to the height of the tree-tops a huge cloud of dust. Still they answered not. Others striking in the water seemed to throw the spray far over the little fortress, and bursting projected its iron missiles furiously forward. The cannonading from the fleet grew rapid. The roaring of thunder would render a vivid idea of the terrible concussions which shook every thing for miles around, and which in its rapid successions was terrifically grand. Few shots fell short. One after another these heavy guns poured forth their murderous fire, and the destination of each ball and its effect was as plainly visible as if we were stationed near the fort.

Later in the day the rebels replied. The correspondent of the *Post* says:

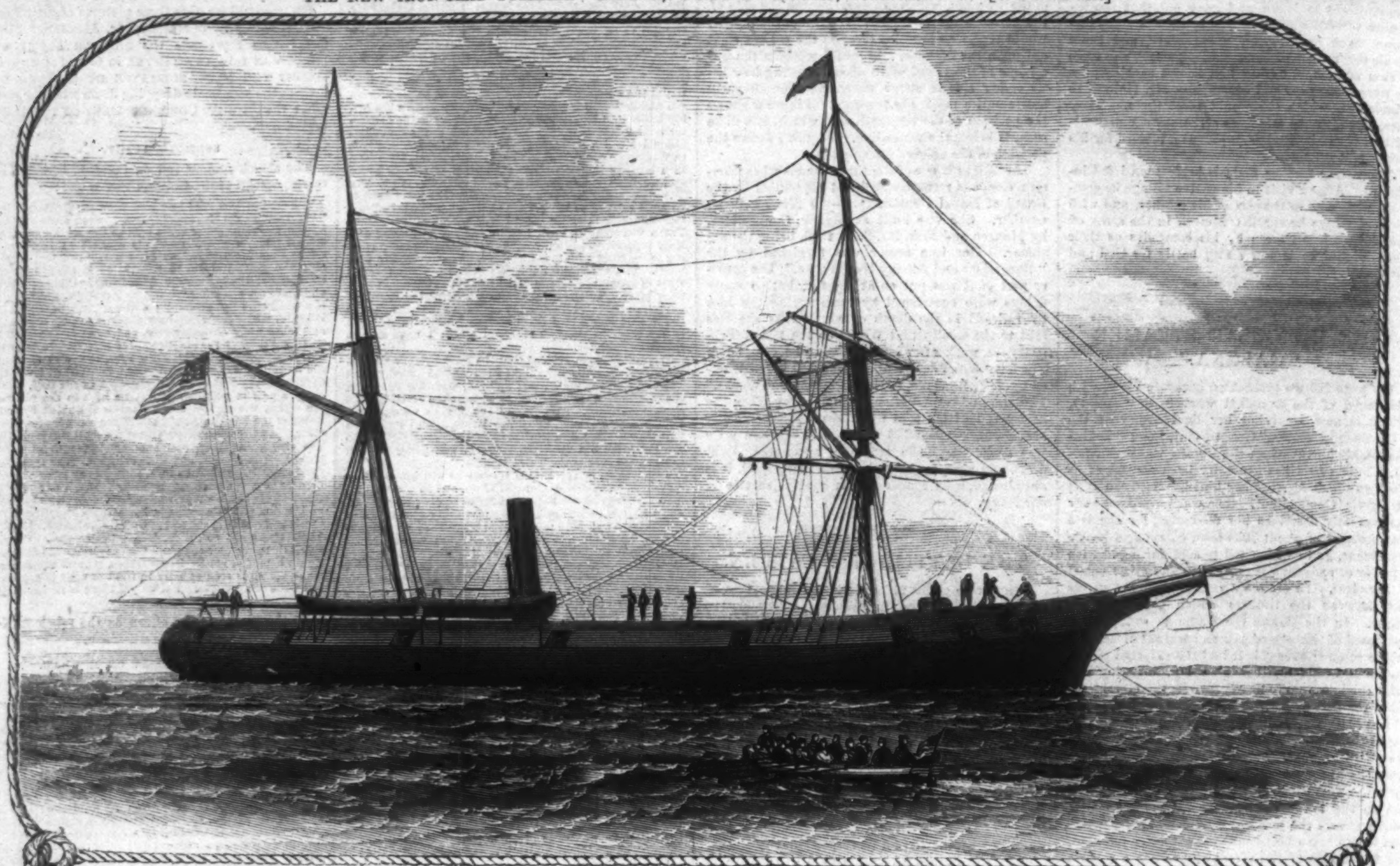
The enemy's fire was straggling, and given at long intervals. Many of their shots passed high in the air, over the gun-boats, striking the water a great distance beyond. Others, better directed, fell but a few rods in the rear of the "hard heads," and were well aimed. About 3¼ o'clock a shot from the enemy came through the spar-deck of the *Benton*, tearing away the heavy beams of the noble ship, and passing down to the gun-deck rebounded to the upper deck once more, alighting upon a table in front of Commodore Foote's state-room. It did not stop until it had passed through this also, and safely inclosed itself in the second drawer underneath, where it now lies. It is a 64-pounder from a rifled 8-inch gun.

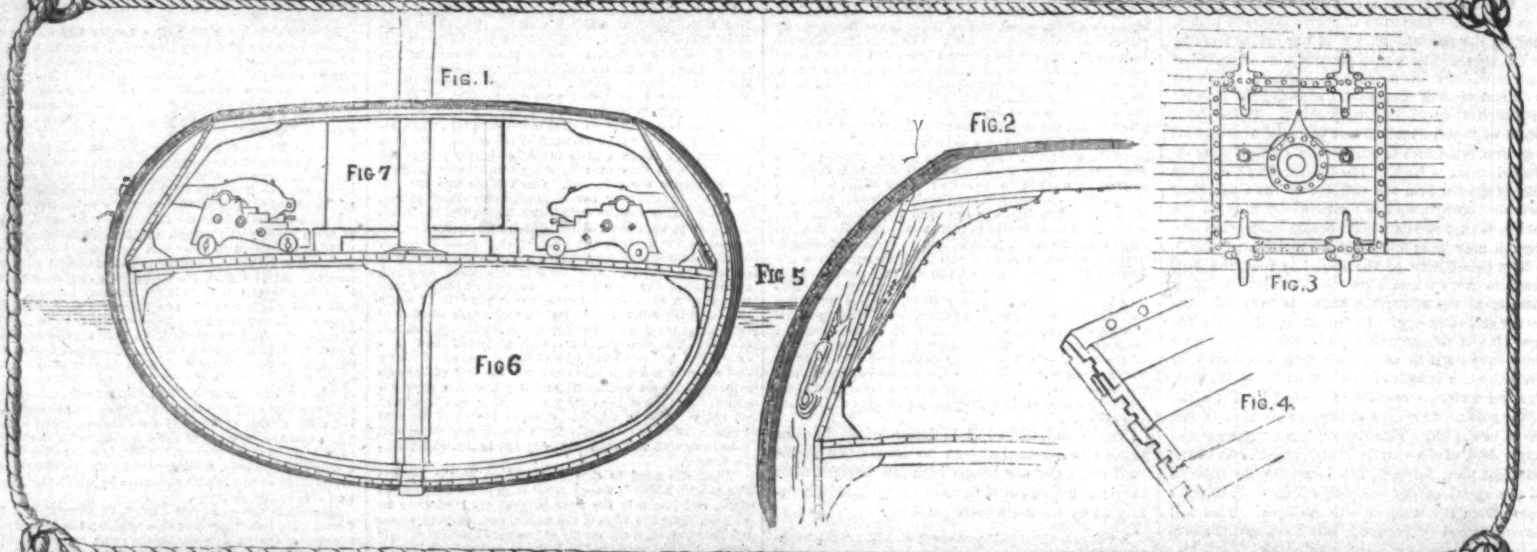
LATEST REPORTS.

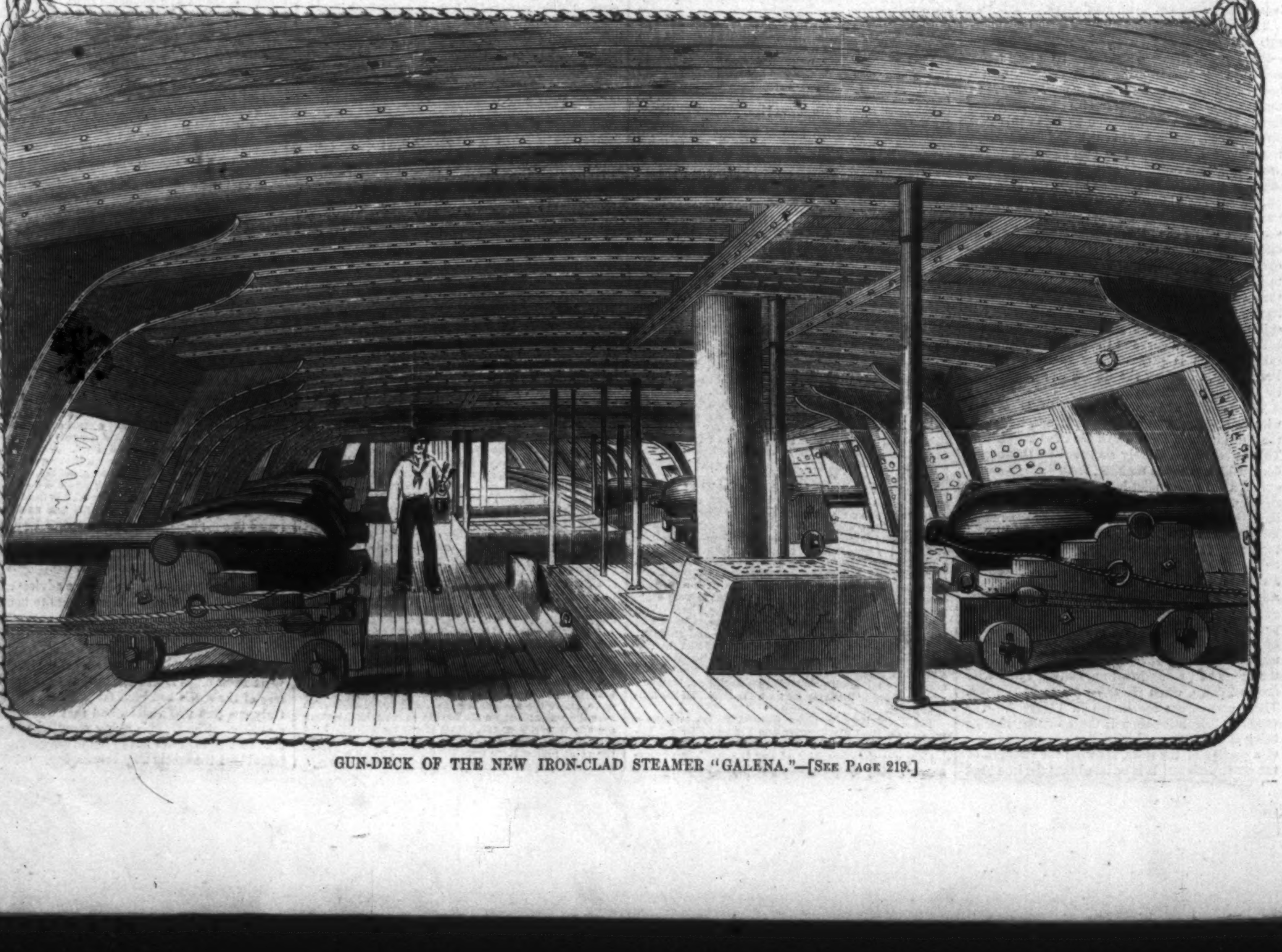
Up to the present time we have no advices of any change. Commodore Foote continues to bombard the rebel batteries, and General Pope cuts off their retreat. It is surmised that our fleet is waiting for the advance of one of our armies from Nashville or Savannah to capture the entire rebel party.

At latest dates it was stated that the upper battery of the rebels had been fairly blown to pieces. Only one gun was visible, and that was probably a quaker. The river is rising steadily, and some of the lower batteries have been overflowed. It is feared that the rebels may be escaping.

THE NEW IRON-CLAD STEAMER "GALENA," BUILT AT MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT.—[See Page 219.]







GUN-DECK OF THE NEW IRON-CLAD STEAMER "GALENA."—[See Page 219.]

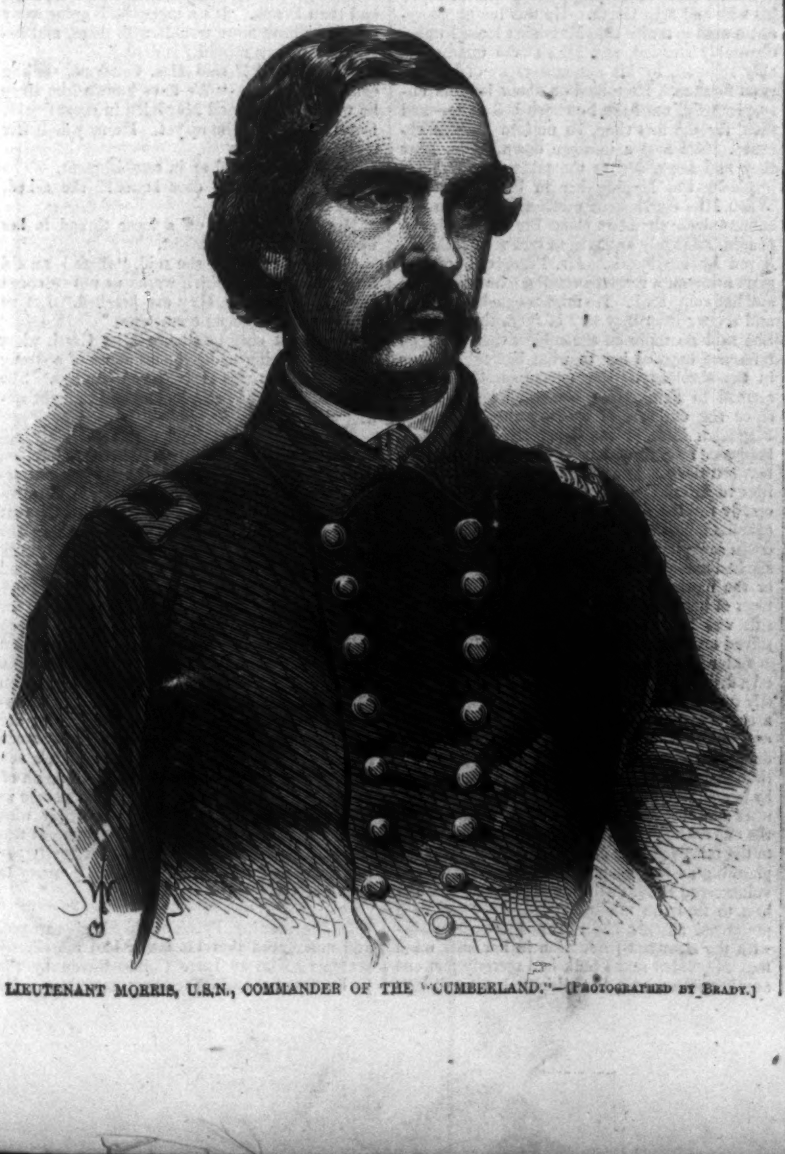
HON. ANDREW JOHNSON, MILITARY GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

HON. ANDREW JOHNSON, GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE.

ANDREW JOHNSON, the loyal Senator from Tennessee, has just been appointed by the President Military Governor of that State, and we publish his portrait accordingly, from a photograph by Brady. He was born of poor parents, in North Carolina, about 1812, and was apprenticed to a tailor. After trying his fortune in various places, he finally walked over the mountains into Tennessee, with his wife, and established himself at Greenville in that State. His wife taught him his letters, he worked hard, and by-and-by he began to rise, making money as a tailor, and reputation as a politician and public speaker. He was soon elected to the Legislature, then to Congress, where he served many years. He was Governor of Tennessee we believe for two terms, and in 1857 was elected United States Senator. In the Senate he was chiefly known as the supporter of the Homestead Bill, which he pressed every session with vigor and pertinacity. When Tennessee seceded Johnson stood faithful to the old flag, and was denounced and his life threatened by the rebels. He has hitherto defied their threats successfully, and now goes back to his State to endeavor to repair the mischief done by the traitors. He is as brave as he is eloquent, and will do his duty.

The *Herald* tells the following story of him:

While working at Laurens Court House as journeyman tailor, he fell in love with a girl in the neighborhood and courted her. Governor Johnson tells the story himself. The young lady saw something more in Andy than her mother was able to discern. She engaged herself to him, provided he could get her mother's consent. Andy went one Sunday to speak to the old lady. His heart failed him till toward night, when he mustered up courage and popped the question to the mother. He says she broke out on him in a most terrible tirade of abuse, and said, "You trifling, worthless vagabond, do you suppose I am going to let my daughter marry a wandering journeyman tailor? I know what you want; you are too lazy to work, and you are after my property!" The Governor said the old woman had four children and three negroes. This was her fortune. In utter despair, Andy returned to the village mortified and crest-fallen. He determined to quit the place and forget his love, after meeting with such scorn and contempt from the mother. It sometimes happens that young girls have a deeper insight into character than their parents. It was the case, as Colonel Benton acknowledged, with Jessie, when she ran off with Colonel Frémont and got married, very much against the wishes of her father and mother. But Miss W—— did not have the same self-will, or the same abiding confidence in her judgment and love that Miss Benton had. She was afraid to encounter that indignation and towering temper which had so effectually cowed Andy. We do not know, however, that Andy had courage enough to make the proposition to run off with her. If he did, it was rejected. How different would have been her fate if Miss W—— had taken courage and encountered the frowns of her mother! Instead of being the wife of some poor, plodding, unknown man, as she probably is, she would have been the wife of a Governor and United States Senator, the mistress of ceremonies at Nashville, and a conspicuous member of the gay and fashionable society of Washington, as well as the confidential partner of a man who, above all the others of the seceding States, has deserved so well and been so much honored at the hands of a grateful country.



LIEUTENANT MORRIS, U.S.N., COMMANDER OF THE "CUMBERLAND."—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

LIEUTENANT MORRIS, OF THE "CUMBERLAND."

WE publish on this page, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of LIEUTENANT MORRIS, who commanded the *Cumberland* in the battle with the *Merrimac*, one of the most gallant heroes of the war.

Lieutenant George U. Morris was born in Massachusetts about the year 1826, and is consequently about thirty-five years of age. He was appointed to the navy from New York in 1846. He received his present commission the 16th of September, 1861. To the beginning of the year 1861 his sea-service under his previous commission was nearly four years, and his total sea-service over ten years. He had been, up to that date, for three years on shore and other duty, and had been fifteen months unemployed. His total service, to the present time, is nearly sixteen years, and he was last at sea in December, 1860. Previous to his being appointed to the *Cumberland*, on the North Atlantic squadron, he had been on leave of absence. He was for some time on the sloop *Cyane*, on the Pacific squadron, and returned, as before stated, in December, 1860.

When the *Cumberland* was in a sinking condition, her decks covered with the dead and the dying, this gallant officer shouted to his crew, "Men, shall we give her another broadside?"

The response was, "Ay, ay, Sir!" And with the last surge of the noble old ship, the water rushing through her port-holes, her guns thundered a final volley at the enemy.

We trust that such heroism as that of Lieutenant Morris, and such signal services as those of Lieutenant Worden, will not go unrewarded. Both are entitled to the highest rank in the service, and we trust that if the present rules of the service do not authorize the President to promote them at once, Congress will remedy the difficulty without delay. The nation can not afford to neglect her heroes.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY the next morning Miss Garth and Norah met in the garden, and spoke together privately. The only noticeable result of the interview, when they presented themselves at the breakfast-table, appeared in the marked silence which they both maintained on the topic of the theatrical performance. Mrs. Vanstone was entirely indebted to her husband and to her youngest daughter for all that she heard of the evening's entertainment. The governess and the elder daughter had evidently determined on letting the subject drop.

After breakfast was over, Magdalen proved to be missing when the ladies assembled as usual in the morning-room. Her habits were so little regular that Mrs. Vanstone felt neither surprise nor uneasiness at her absence. Miss Garth and Norah looked at one another significantly, and waited in silence. Two hours passed, and there were no signs of Magdalen. Norah rose as the clock struck twelve, and quietly left the room to look for her.

She was not up stairs, dusting her jewelry and disarranging her dresses. She was not in the conservatory, not in the flower-garden; not in the kitchen, teasing the cook; not in the yard, playing with the dogs. Had she by any chance gone out with her father? Mr. Vanstone had announced his intention, at the breakfast-table, of paying a morning visit to his old ally, Mr Clare, and of rousing the philosopher's sarcastic indignation by an account of the dramatic performance. None of the other ladies at Combe-Raven ever ventured themselves inside the cottage. But Magdalen was reckless enough for any thing, and Magdalen might have gone there. As the idea occurred to her Norah entered the shrubbery.

At the second turning, where the path among the trees wound away out of sight of the house, she came suddenly face to face with Magdalen and Frank: they were sauntering toward her arm in arm, their heads close together, their conversation apparently proceeding in whispers. They looked suspiciously handsome and happy. At the sight of Norah both started, and both stopped. Frank confusedly raised his hat, and turned back in the direction of his father's cottage. Magdalen advanced to meet her sister, carelessly swinging her closed parasol from side to side, carelessly humming an air from the

"COME," SHE SAID, "GIVE ME A KISS, NORAH, AND MAKE IT UP."

overture which had preceded the rising of the curtain on the previous night.

"Luncheon-time already!" she said, looking at her watch. "Surely not?"

"Have you and Mr. Francis Clare been alone in the shrubbery since ten o'clock?" said Norah.

"*Mr.* Francis Clare! How ridiculously formal you are! Why don't you call him Frank?"

"I asked you a question, Magdalen."

"Dear me, how black you look this morning! I'm in disgrace, I suppose. Haven't you forgiven me yet for my acting last night? I couldn't help it, love; I should have made nothing of Julia if I hadn't taken you for my model. It's quite a question of Art. In your place, I should have felt flattered by the selection."

"In *your* place, Magdalen, I should have thought twice before I mimicked my sister to an audience of strangers."

"That's exactly why I did it—an audience of strangers. How were they to know? Come! come! don't be angry. You are eight years older than I am—you ought to set me an example of good humor."

"I will set you an example of plain speaking. I am more sorry than I can say, Magdalen, to meet you as I met you here just now!"

"What next, I wonder? You meet me in the shrubbery at home talking over the private theatricals with my old play-fellow, whom I knew when I was no taller than this parasol. And that is a glaring impropriety, is it? Honi soit qui mal y pense. You wanted an answer a minute ago—there it is for you, my dear, in the choicest Norman-French."

"I am in earnest about this, Magdalen—"

"Not a doubt of it. Nobody can accuse you of ever making jokes."

"I am seriously sorry—"

"Oh dear!"

"It is quite useless to interrupt me. I have it on my conscience to tell you—and I *will* tell you—that I am sorry to see how this intimacy is growing. I am sorry to see a secret understanding established already between you and Mr. Francis Clare."

"Poor Frank! How you do hate him, to be sure! What on earth has he done to offend you?"

Norah's self-control began to show signs of failing her. Her dark cheeks glowed, her delicate lips trembled, before she spoke again. Magdalen paid more attention to her parasol than to her sister. She tossed it high in the air and caught it. "Once!" she said—and tossed it up again. "Twice!"—and she tossed it higher. "Thrice—!" Before she could catch it for the third time Norah seized her passionately by the arm, and the parasol dropped to the ground between them.

"You are treating me heartlessly," she said. "For shame, Magdalen—for shame!"

The irrepressible outburst of a reserved nature, forced into open self-assertion in its own despite, is, of all moral forces, the hardest to resist. Magdalen was startled into silence. For a moment the two sisters—so strangely dissimilar in person and character—faced one another, without a word passing between them. For a moment the deep brown eyes of the elder and the light gray eyes of the younger looked into each other with steady, unyielding scrutiny on either side. Norah's face was the first to change; Norah's head was the first to turn away. She dropped her sister's arm in silence. Magdalen stooped and picked up her parasol.

"I try to keep my temper," she said, "and you call me heartless for doing it. You always were hard on me, and you always will be."

Norah clasped her trembling hands fast in each other. "Hard on you!" she said, in low, mournful tones—and sighed bitterly.

Magdalen drew back a little, and mechanically dusted the parasol with the end of her garden cloak.

"Yes!" she resumed, doggedly. "Hard on me, and hard on Frank."

"Frank!" repeated Norah, advancing on her sister, and turning pale as suddenly as she had turned red. "Do you talk of yourself and Frank as if your interests were One already? Magdalen! if I hurt *you* do I hurt *him*? Is he so near and so dear to you as that?"

Magdalen drew farther and farther back. A twig from a tree near caught her cloak; she turned petulantly, broke it off, and threw it on the ground. "What right have you to question me?" she broke out on a sudden. "Whether I like Frank, or whether I don't, what interest is it of yours?" As she said the words she abruptly stepped forward to pass her sister and return to the house.

Norah, turning paler and paler, barred the way to her. "If I hold you by main force," she said, "you shall stop and hear me. I have watched this Francis Clare; I know him better than you do. He is unworthy of a moment's serious feeling on your part; he is unworthy of our dear, good, kind-hearted father's interest in him. A man with any principle, any honor, any gratitude, would not have come back as he has come back, disgraced—yes! disgraced by his spiritless neglect of his own duty. I watched his face while the friend who has been better than a father to him was comforting and forgiving him with a kindness he had not deserved: I watched his face, and I saw no shame, and no distress in it—I saw nothing but a look of thankless, heartless relief. He is selfish, he is ungrateful, he is ungenerous; he is only twenty, and he has the worst failings of a mean old age already. And this is the man I find you meeting in secret—the man who has taken such a place in your favor that you are deaf to the truth about him, even from *my* lips! Magdalen, this will end ill! For God's sake, think of what I have said to you, and control yourself before it is too late!" She stopped, vehement and breathless, and caught her sister anxiously by the hand.

Magdalen looked at her in unconcealed astonishment.

"You are so violent," she said, "and so unlike yourself, that I hardly know you. The more patient I am, the more hard words I get for my pains. You have taken a perverse hatred to Frank; and you are unreasonably angry with me, because I won't hate him too. Don't, Norah! you hurt my hand."

Norah pushed the hand from her, contemptuously. "I shall never hurt your heart," she said—and suddenly turned her back on Magdalen as she spoke the words.

There was a momentary pause. Norah kept her position. Magdalen looked at her perplexedly—hesitated—then walked away by herself toward the house.

At the turn in the shrubbery path she stopped and looked back uneasily. "Oh, dear, dear!" she thought to herself, "why didn't Frank go when I told him?" She hesitated, and went back a few steps. "There's Norah standing on her dignity, as obstinate as ever." She stopped again. "What had I better do? I hate quarreling: I think I'll make it up." She ventured close to her sister, and touched her on the shoulder. Norah never moved. "It's not often she flies into a passion," thought Magdalen, touching her again; "but when she does, what a time it lasts her! Come!" she said, "give me a kiss, Norah, and make it up. Won't you let me get at any part of you, my dear, but the back of your neck? Well, it's a very nice neck—it's better worth kissing than mine—and there the kiss is, in spite of you!"

She caught fast hold of Norah from behind, and suited the action to the word, with a total disregard of all that had just passed, which her sister was far from emulating. Hardly a minute since the warm outpouring of Norah's heart had burst through all obstacles. Had the icy reserve frozen her up again already! It was hard to say. She never spoke; she never changed her position—she only searched hurriedly for her handkerchief. As she drew it out there was a sound of approaching footsteps in the inner recesses of the shrubbery. A Scotch terrier scampered into view; and a cheerful voice sang the first lines of the glee in "As You Like It." "It's papa!" cried Magdalen. "Come, Norah—come and meet him."

Instead of following her sister Norah pulled down the veil of her garden hat, turned in the opposite direction, and hurried back to the house.

She ran up to her own room, and locked herself in. She was crying bitterly.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Magdalen and her father met in the shrubbery Mr. Vanstone's face showed plainly that something had happened to please him since he had left home in the morning. He answered the question which his daughter's curiosity at once addressed to him, by informing her that he had just come from Mr. Clare's cottage; and that he had picked up, in that unpromising locality, a startling piece of news for the family at Combe-Raven.

On entering the philosopher's study that morning, Mr. Vanstone had found him still dawdling over his late breakfast, with an open letter by his side, in place of the book which, on other occasions, lay ready to his hand at mealtimes. He held up the letter the moment his visitor came into the room, and abruptly opened the conversation by asking Mr. Vanstone if his nerves were in good order, and if he felt himself strong enough for the shock of an overwhelming surprise.

"Nerves?" repeated Mr. Vanstone. "Thank God, I know nothing about my nerves. If you have got any thing to tell me, shock or no shock, out with it on the spot."

Mr. Clare held the letter a little higher, and frowned at his visitor across the breakfast-table. "What have I always told you?" he asked, with his sourest solemnity of look and manner.

"A great deal more than I could ever keep in my head," answered Mr. Vanstone.

"In your presence and out of it," continued Mr. Clare, "I have always maintained that the one important phenomenon presented by modern society is—the enormous prosperity of Fools. Show me an individual Fool, and I will show you an aggregate Society which gives that highly-favored personage nine chances out of ten—and grudges the tenth to the wisest man in existence. Look where you will, in every high place there sits an Ass, settled beyond the reach of all the greatest intellects in this world to pull him down. Over our whole social system complacent Imbecility rules supreme—snuffs out the searching light of Intelligence with total impunity—and hoots, owl-like, in answer to every form of protest, See how well we all do in the dark! One of these days that audacious assertion will be practically contradicted; and the whole rotten system of modern society will come down with a crash."

"God forbid!" cried Mr. Vanstone, looking about him as if the crash was coming already.

"With a crash!" repeated Mr. Clare. "There is my theory in few words. Now for the remarkable application of it, which this letter suggests. Here is my lout of a boy—"

"You don't mean that Frank has got another chance!" exclaimed Mr. Vanstone.

"Here is this perfectly hopeless booby, Frank," pursued the philosopher. "He has never done any thing in his life to help himself, and, as a necessary consequence, Society is in a conspiracy to carry him to the top of the tree. He has hardly had time to throw away that chance you gave him before this letter comes and puts the ball at his foot for the second time. My rich cousin (who is intellectually fit to be at the tail of the family, and who is therefore, as a matter of course, at the head of it) has been good enough to remember my existence, and has offered his influence to serve my eldest boy. Read his letter, and then observe the sequence of events. My rich cousin is a booby who thrives on landed property; he has done something for another booby who thrives on Politics, who knows a third booby who thrives on Commerce, who can do something for a fourth booby, thriving at present on nothing, whose name is Frank. So the mill goes. So the cream of all human rewards is sipped in endless succession by the Fools. I shall pack Frank off to-morrow. In course of time he'll come back again on our hands like a bad shilling: more chances will fall in his way as a necessary consequence of his meritorious imbecility. Years will go on—I may not live to see it, no more may you—it doesn't matter; Frank's future is equally certain either way—put him into the army, the church, politics, what you please, and let him drift: he'll end in being a general, a bishop, or a minister of state, by dint of the great modern qualification of doing nothing whatever to deserve his place." With this summary of his son's worldly prospects Mr. Clare tossed the letter contemptuously across the table, and poured himself out another cup of tea.

Mr. Vanstone read the letter with eager interest and pleasure. It was written in a tone of somewhat elaborate cordiality; but the practical advantages which it placed at Frank's disposal were beyond all doubt. The writer had the means of using a friend's interest—interest of no ordinary kind—with a great Mercantile Firm in the City, and he had at once exerted this influence in favor of Mr. Clare's eldest boy. Frank would be received in the office on a very different footing from the footing of an ordinary clerk; he would be "pushed on" at every available opportunity; and the first "good thing" the House had to offer, either at home or abroad, would be placed at his disposal. If he possessed fair abilities, and showed common diligence in exercising them, his fortune was made; and the sooner he was sent to London to begin, the better for his own interests it would be.

"Wonderful news!" cried Mr. Vanstone, returning the letter. "I'm delighted—I must go back and tell them at home. This is fifty times the chance that mine was. What the deuce do you mean by abusing Society? Society has behaved uncommonly well, in my opinion. Where's Frank?"

"Lurking," said Mr. Clare. "It is one of the intolerable peculiarities of louts that they always lurk. I haven't seen *my* lout this morning. If you meet with him any where give him a kick, and say I want him."

Mr. Clare's opinion of his son's habits might have been expressed more politely as to form; but as to substance, it happened, on that particular morning, to be perfectly correct. After leaving Magdalen Frank had waited in the shrubbery, at a safe distance, on the chance that she might detach herself from her sister's company and join him again. Mr. Vanstone's appearance, immediately on Norah's departure, instead of encouraging him to show himself had determined him on returning to the cottage. He walked back discontentedly, and so fell into his father's clutches, totally unprepared for the pending announcement, in that formidable quarter, of his departure for London.

In the mean time Mr. Vanstone had communicated his news—in the first place, to Magdalen, and afterward, on getting back to the house, to his wife and Miss Garth. He was too unobservant a man to notice that Magdalen looked unaccountably startled, and Miss Garth unaccountably relieved, by his announcement of Frank's good fortune. He talked on about it quite unsuspiciously, until the luncheon-bell rang—and then, for the first time, he noticed Norah's absence. She sent a message down stairs, after they had assembled at the table, to say that a headache was keeping her in her own room. When Miss Garth went up shortly afterward to communicate the news about Frank, Norah appeared, strangely enough, to feel very little relieved by hearing it. Mr. Francis Clare had gone away on a former occasion (she remarked) and had come back. He might come back again, and sooner than they any of them thought for. She said no more on the subject than this: no reference escaped her to what had taken place in the shrubbery. Her unconquerable reserve seemed to have strengthened its hold on her since the outburst of the morning. She met Magdalen later in the day, as if nothing had happened: no formal reconciliation took place between them. It was one of Norah's peculiarities to shrink from all reconciliations that were openly ratified, and to take her shy refuge in reconciliations that were silently implied. Magdalen saw plainly, in her look and manner, that she had made her first and last protest. Whether the motive was pride, or sullenness, or distrust of herself, or despair of doing good, the result was not to be mistaken—Norah had resolved on remaining passive for the future.

Later in the afternoon Mr. Vanstone suggested a drive to his eldest daughter as the best remedy for her headache. She readily consented to accompany her father, who, thereupon, proposed, as usual, that Magdalen should join them. Magdalen was nowhere to be found. For the second time that day she had wandered into the grounds by herself. On this occasion Miss Garth—who, after adopting Norah's opinions, had passed from the one extreme of overlooking Frank altogether, to the other extreme of believing him capable of planning an elopement at five minutes' notice—volunteered to set forth immediately and do her best to find the missing young lady. After a prolonged absence she returned unsuccessful—with the strongest persuasion in her own mind that Magdalen and Frank had secretly met one another somewhere, but without having discovered the smallest fragment of evidence to confirm her suspicions. By this time the carriage was at the door, and Mr. Vanstone was unwilling to wait any longer. He and Norah drove away together, and Mrs. Vanstone and Miss Garth sat at home over their work.

In half an hour more Magdalen composedly walked into the room. She was pale and depressed. She received Miss Garth's remonstrances with a weary inattention; explained carelessly that she had been wandering in the wood; took up some books and put them down again; sighed impatiently, and went away up stairs to her own room.

"I think Magdalen is feeling the reaction after yesterday," said Mrs. Vanstone, quietly. "It is just as we thought. Now the theatrical amusements are all over she is fretting for more."

Here was an opportunity of letting in the light of truth on Mrs. Vanstone's mind which was too favorable to be missed. Miss Garth questioned her conscience, saw her chance, and took it on the spot.

"You forget," she rejoined, "that a certain neighbor of ours is going away to-morrow. Shall I tell you the truth? Magdalen is fretting over the departure of Francis Clare."

Mrs. Vanstone looked up from her work with a gentle smiling surprise.

"Surely not?" she said. "It is natural enough that Frank should be attracted by Magdalen—but I can't think that Magdalen returns the feeling. Frank is so very unlike her; so quiet and undemonstrative; so dull and helpless, poor fellow! in some things. He is handsome, I know; but he is so singularly unlike Magdalen that I can't think it possible—I can't, indeed."

"My dear good lady!" cried Miss Garth, in great amazement, "do you really suppose that people fall in love with each other on account of similarities in their characters? In the vast majority of cases they do just the reverse. Men marry the very last women, and women the very last men, whom their friends would think it possible they could care about. Is there any phrase that is oftener on all our lips than 'What can have made Mr. So-and-So marry that woman?' or, 'How could Mrs. So-and-So throw herself away on that man?' Has all your experience of the world never yet shown you that girls take perverse fancies for men who are totally unworthy of them?"

"Very true," said Mrs. Vanstone, composedly. "I forgot that. Still it seems unaccountable, doesn't it?"

"Unaccountable, because it happens every day!" retorted Miss Garth, good-humoredly. "I know a great many excellent people who reason against plain experience in the same way—who read the newspapers in the morning, and deny in the evening that there is any romance for writers or painters to work upon in modern life. Seriously, Mrs. Vanstone, you may take my word for it—thanks to those wretched theatricals—Magdalen is going the way with Frank that a great many young ladies have gone before her. He is quite unworthy of her; he is, in almost every respect, her exact opposite—and, without knowing it herself, she has fallen in love with him on that very account. She is resolute and impetuous, clever and domineering; she is not one of those model women who want a man to look up to, and to protect them—her beau-ideal (though she may not think it herself) is a man she can hen-peck. Well! one comfort is, there are far better men, even of that sort, to be had than Frank. It's a mercy he is going away before we have more trouble with them, and before any serious mischief is done."

"Poor Frank!" said Mrs. Vanstone, smiling compassionately. "We have known him since he was in jackets and Magdalen in short frocks. Don't let us give him up yet. He may do better this second time."

Miss Garth looked up in astonishment.

"And suppose he does better?" she asked. "What then?"

Mrs. Vanstone cut off a loose thread in her work, and laughed outright.

"My good friend," she said, "there is an old farm-yard proverb which warns us not to count our chickens before they are hatched. Let us wait a little before we count ours."

It was not easy to silence Miss Garth when she was speaking under the influence of a strong conviction, but this reply closed her lips. She resumed her work, and looked and thought unutterable things.

Mrs. Vanstone's behavior was certainly remarkable under the circumstances. Here, on one side, was a girl—with great personal attractions, with rare pecuniary prospects, with a social position which might have justified the best gentleman in the neighborhood in making her an offer of marriage—perversely casting herself away on a penniless idle young fellow, who had failed at his first start in life, and who, even if he succeeded in his second attempt, must be for years to come in no position to marry a young lady of fortune on equal terms. And there, on the other side, was that girl's mother, by no means dismayed at the prospect of a connection which was, to say the least of it, far from desirable; by no means certain, judging her by her own words and looks, that a marriage between Mr. Vanstone's daughter and Mr. Clare's son might not prove to be as satisfactory a result of the intimacy between the two young people as the parents on both sides could possibly wish for! It was perplexing in the extreme. It was almost as unintelligible as that past mystery—that forgotten mystery now—of the journey to London.

In the evening Frank made his appearance, and announced that his father had mercilessly sentenced him to leave Combe-Raven by the parliamentary train the next morning. He

mentioned this circumstance with an air of sentimental resignation, and listened to Mr. Vanstone's boisterous rejoicings over his new prospects with a mild and mute surprise. His gentle melancholy of look and manner greatly assisted his personal advantages. In his own effeminate way he was more handsome than ever that evening. His soft brown eyes wandered about the room with a melting tenderness; his hair was beautifully brushed; his delicate hands hung over the arms of his chair with a languid grace. He looked like a convalescent Apollo. Never, on any previous occasion, had he practiced more successfully the social art which he habitually cultivated—the art of casting himself on society in the character of a well-bred Incubus, and conferring an obligation on his fellow-creatures by allowing them to sit under him. It was undeniably a dull evening. All the talking fell to the share of Mr. Vanstone and Miss Garth. Mrs. Vanstone was habitually silent; Norah kept herself obstinately in the background; Magdalen was quiet and undemonstrative beyond all former precedent. From first to last she kept rigidly on her guard. The few meaning looks that she cast on Frank flashed at him like lightning, and were gone before any one else could see them. Even when she brought him his tea, and when, in doing so, her self-control gave way under the temptation which no woman can resist—the temptation of touching the man she loves—even then she held the saucer so dextrously that it screened her hand. Frank's self-possession was far less steadily disciplined; it only lasted as long as he remained passive. When he rose to go—when he felt the warm, clinging pressure of Magdalen's fingers round his hand, and the lock of her hair, which she slipped into it at the same moment, he became awkward and confused. He might have betrayed Magdalen and betrayed himself but for Mr. Vanstone, who innocently covered his retreat by following him out, and patting him on the shoulder all the way. "God bless you, Frank!" cried the friendly voice, that never had a harsh note in it for any body. "Your fortune's waiting for you. Go in, my boy—go in and win!"

"Yes," said Frank. "Thank you. It will be rather difficult to go in and win at first. Of course, as you have always told me, a man's business is to conquer his difficulties, and not to talk about them. At the same time, I wish I didn't feel quite so loose as I do in my figures. It's discouraging to feel loose in one's figures.—Oh, yes; I'll write and tell you how I get on. I'm very much obliged by your kindness, and very sorry I couldn't succeed with the engineering. I think I should have liked engineering better than trade. It can't be helped now, can it? Thank you again. Good-by!"

So he drifted away into the misty commercial future, as aimless, as helpless, as gentlemanlike as ever.

REBEL PRISONERS AT CHICAGO.

We publish on page 215, from a sketch by Mr. True Williams of Chicago, a picture of the Rebel Prisoners at Camp Douglas, near Chicago. Several hundred of the prisoners taken at Fort Donelson, comprising Alabamians, Mississippians, and Texans, were sent there soon after their capture, and are now held there. The Chicago *Tribune* thus describes their appearance:

Parties who were fortunate enough to obtain entrance to Camp Douglas yesterday forenoon might have seen standing, shivering in the snow, in about the centre of the parade-ground, a collection of men wearing all the colors of the rainbow upon their backs in the shape of raiment. There were seven or eight hundred prisoners in the group. Their clothes had been intended for a warmer country, and their frames were all unused to the cold weather of a northern climate; hence the prisoners looked pale, and actually had attacks of ague chills as they stood awaiting the preparation of their barracks. It was a matter for contemplation. A week ago these men were fighting under the serpent flag at Donelson. To-day they stood conquered, yet not entirely disheartened, beneath the stars and stripes, hundreds of miles from their homes and scenes of disastrous battle.

A more wobegone appearing set of men it would be difficult for the reader to imagine. Compared with the laborers we are in the habit of seeing upon our public roads they would suffer somewhat, being less hardy and healthy in build and complexion. It may have been from exposure and low diet, but they were all sallow faced, sunken eyed, and apparently famishing. Some of them had food with them, and were eating of it as they stood. Others were rigging extemporaneous windlasses for a well and filling their canteens. The majority, however, stood gazing about the place, perfectly willing to be conversed with, and as willing to answer all questions put to them by their numerous visitors. These visitors were mainly respectful to the fallen foe. In fact, these men, and those who had been quartered in the southern portion of the grounds known as Brackett's Camp, appeared to be satisfied with their lot, and were free to say they had not been better treated since enlistment, or more comfortably housed and better fed than the prospect was they would be at Camp Douglas as prisoners of war.

The uniforms of the Confederate prisoners are just no uniforms at all, lacking all the characteristics of infantry cavalry, or artillery costume, in being wholly ununiform in color, cut, fashion, and manufacture. Some have coats of a butternut color, cut in regular sack style, and others fashioned, like those of our soldiers, as jackets or frocks. The pants are as diversified in color. Many of them have no overcoats at all, and supply their place with horse blankets, hearth-rugs, coverlets, pieces of carpet, coffee sacks, etc., etc. Their knapsacks consist of bags of all colors and sizes, comparing well with their coats and hats. The same remarks apply equally well to their canteens and other accoutrements, no half dozen of which seem to have been made at the same manufactory.

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